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THE MIRACLES OF MISSIONS

OR

The Modern Marvels in the History of Missionary Enterprise

BY

ARTHUR T. PIERSON

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PREFACE.

THE learned and accomplished Theodore Christlieb, D.D., University Preacher and Professor of Theology at Bonn, in his "Modern Doubt and Christian Belief," says: "We cannot fully admit the proposition that no more miracles are performed in our day. In the history of modern missions we find many wonderful occurrences which unmistakably remind us of the apostolic age. In both periods there are similar hindrances to be overcome in the heathen world, and similar palpable confirmations of the Word are needed to convince the dull sense of man. We may, therefore, *expect* miracles in this case."

Professor Christlieb then proceeds to cite

the history of Hans Egede, the first evangelical missionary in Greenland, who, before he had mastered the language of the Esquimaux, had given them a pictorial representation of the miracles of Christ. His hearers, who, like many in Christ's own day, had a perception only for bodily relief, challenged him to prove the power of his Redeemer upon their sick people. With many prayers and sighs he ventured to lay his hands upon the sick, prayed over them and bade them to be whole, in the name of Jesus Christ, and in scores of instances they were healed. It would seem as though, in this case, the Lord was not able to reveal himself to this mentally blunted and stunted race by means merely spiritual, and that bodily signs were needful. Prof. Christlieb mentions similar instances occurring in the lives of the Moravian missionaries Spangenberg and Zeisberger, at the Rhenish Mission Station in South Africa, as stated in the memoir of Kleinschmidt, and in the history of the Waldenses, and especially at the station of La Balsille, their mountain fortress. He refers to the story of the Moravian missionary ship "Harmony," etc., and he remarks that, to deny the spiritual element in

these and similar cases will not enable us to escape miracles, but only compel us to believe in greater prodigies.

These observations of Dr. Christlieb have suggested the somewhat emphatic title of this book. We have chosen to call it "The Miracles of Missions," notwithstanding the objections frequently urged to the use of the word "miracles"; for it must be remembered that a miracle, as the word indicates, is nothing more nor less than a wonder to which God appeals as a sign of divine presence and power; and all that we mean by this term as now used is that, in the history of modern missions, there are amazing wonders of divine interposition and human transformation which admit of no adequate explanation if we deny the divine element.

The author would simply add, before presenting a few of these instances somewhat in detail, that the impression with which he began these studies, now more than thirty years ago, has daily and hourly increased as these studies have been further prosecuted. With these prefatory remarks we submit to the candid judgment of the reader the testimony of missionary biography and history,

assured that candor will compel every honest observer to confess, like Pharaoh's magicians, Truly this is THE FINGER OF GOD !

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

2320 SPRUCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
September, 1891.

A CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND CONGREGATION, FUTUNA.

THE MIRACLES OF MISSIONS.

No. I.

THE APOSTLE OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

AMONG the Old Testament forecasts of missionary labor is this—"The isles shall wait for his law."[1] This has been literally fulfilled in the South Sea Archipelago.

The name of John Williams is closely identified with this story of missionary heroism and success. Born, June 29, 1796, and murdered at Dillons Bay, Erromanga, November 20, 1839, his life covers only forty-three years, but it abounds in proofs of the divine interposition and wonder-working. At twenty years of age he offered himself to the London Missionary Society, and was sent to

[1] Isaiah xlii : 4.

Eimeo, one of the Society Islands. Thence he removed to Huaheine, and then to Raiatea, the largest of the group. After five years of apostolic success, he visited the Hervey Islands and founded a mission at Raratonga. Continuing to reside at Raiatea until he learned the language of the Society Islands, he then returned to Raratonga, where he prepared books and translated a portion of the Bible. In a vessel of his own building he, for four years, conducted his exploration of nearly the whole of the South Sea Archipelago, establishing the Samoan Mission. Then he spent four years in England—from 1834 to 1838—publishing his Raratongan Testament and his narrative of adventures in the South Seas, raising twenty thousand dollars for a new missionary ship, planning for a high school at Tahiti, and a theological school at Raratonga for the training of native missionaries; returning with sixteen additional laborers he visited Samoa, and sailed for the New Hebrides to plan a new mission. He fell a martyr on the shores of Erromanga.

Such is the outline of this marvelous life Let us trace, somewhat in detail, the mis-

sionary career crowned with such apostolic success.

Many islands in this Archipelago are surrounded by a belt of coral rock from two to twenty yards in width, against which the waves drive with terrific violence, curling their foamy crests over the top of the reef, and, bursting against this rocky bulwark, separate themselves in harmless vengeance upon its surface. This coral belt is an apt symbol of the ramparts of superstition and idolatry by which these islands were encompassed. The moral darkness of the people was so deep that, in many cases, the idea of the true God had almost disappeared from their minds, and the conception of the brotherhood of man was as nearly lost as that of the Fatherhood of God. In these islands dwelt ferocious savages, constantly engaged in desolating wars, cannibals who killed and ate each other, and among whom cannibalism was but the crowning vice and crime of a system of iniquity, the like of which has seldom been found elsewhere among any of the children of men.

It would be improper to put on the printed page a fully accurate picture of the licen-

tiousness of heathenism, as it existed before the rays of Christian light has beamed upon this deep darkness. So far was all decency outraged that it is a shame even to speak of those things which were done of them in secret. Children were strung together by skewers, run through their ears, and old people were often pierced with javelins or beaten to death with clubs.

Women were barbarously treated. Their condition was very low. They were under the bondage of a Tabu system similar to that which prevailed in the Hawaiian Islands. They could not eat certain kinds of food, or live under the same roof with their tyrannical lords.

As one of the teachers who labored at Rurutu said, there were in the days of their heathendom two captivities among the people ; one was the captivity to the gods and the other captivity to the king's servants. The first rendered a person liable to be offered up as a sacrifice, the other made him liable to have his house entered, and to suffer the greatest depredations without daring even to remonstrate.

Of course wars among such a people were

very sanguinary. Female prisoners were generally put to death lest they should afterwards become mothers of warriors. Poor little children, with spears passed through their ears, were carried in triumph to the Marae. Conquered foes had their skulls beat in, and their brains borne upon bread fruit leaves as an offering to the gods.

It would be in vain within the proper limits of an article like this to do more than give an outline of the work which extended through twenty-two years, and which was, as we have intimated, a triumphal progress.

The Mauruans told the missionaries that they formerly attributed every evil that befell them to the anger of their "evil spirits," but now they worshiped the living and true God, and they pointed to the demolished Maraes and mutilated idols as the proof of the great change. The change in the name of the gods, whom they now called "evil spirits," was an indication of the radical change in their religious beliefs. In some cases the spears which had been used in warfare were found converted into staves to support the balustrades of the pulpit stairs, and not a vestige of idolatry was to be seen.

Oro, the famous war god, and other grim-looking wooden idols were used as props for the roof of a cooking-house or woodshed. It was common in these islands for the idol temples to be destroyed, and the idol gods to be burned or formally surrendered to the missionaries as trophies of the Gospel. In Aitutaki the profession of Christianity was so general that not a single idolater remained, and a large chapel was built nearly 200 feet in length. Recitations in the catechism, prayers to God, and grace at table, displaced unsightly gestures and obscene songs. A people that eighteen months before were the wildest Mr. Williams had ever seen, had become mild, teachable, diligent, and kind.

The rapidity and thoroughness of the changes that took place in these island groups have had probably no parallel in all Christian history; and thus conversion from idolatry, in so short a time, became a striking fulfillment of the words of the Psalmist, "As soon as they hear of me they shall obey me; the strangers shall submit themselves unto me." [1]

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[1] Psalm xviii : 45; 2 Samuel xxii : 45.

In the case of Raratonga, it was but a little more than a year after the discovery of this island, when the whole population had renounced idolatry and were engaged in erecting a place of worship 600 feet in length; and at a meeting held the chiefs from Aitutaki were the principal speakers at the assembly. The means which God made use of rendered the work more astonishing. Two native teachers, not particularly distinguished among their own countrymen for intelligence, became the instruments of this wonderful change before a single missionary had set foot upon the island. There it was that Mr. Williams met, in 1827, the greatest concourse of people he had seen since he left England. The people walking in procession dropped at his feet fourteen immense idols, the smallest of which was about five yards in length.

Mr. Williams drew up an elementary work, translated the Gospel of John and the Epistle to the Galatians, which were printed a few months later, and from that moment the progress of the people was so rapid that it distances all comparison. The manner in which the Raratongans spent their Sabbaths

is both interesting and suggestive. A preparatory prayer-meeting was held at sunrise, conducted entirely by themselves; a service of worship was led by the missionary at nine o'clock, prior to which they met in classes of ten or twelve families each, and distributed among themselves the respective portions of the sermon which each individual should bring away; and they were accustomed carefully to note the divisions of the discourse, and mark, opposite to each, the chapters or verses by which it was illustrated.

Another mark of the progress of Christianity was the adoption of the code of Christian laws. From time immemorial the inhabitants had been systematic thieves, and before the introduction of Christianity their methods of punishment were little more than acts of vengeance. The friends of the aggrieved party would take from the offender by force any article of value, destroy his trees and crops, break down his house, and sometimes murder the thief himself. After the introduction of Christianity a proper code of laws, with judges and juries, took the place of this method of private vengeance. Theft, trespass, stolen property, Sabbath-breaking, re-

bellion, marriage, adultery, and "land-eating," or the forcible and unjust possession of another's land, were all regulated or restrained by law, and deliberate murder was punished with death. Plurality of wives became unlawful; marriage was celebrated by becoming ceremonies.

The Raratongan women were completely transformed by the Gospel, even in their outward appearance. They became more industrious, neat in their persons, modest in their manners, faithful in their households, and helpful in all Christian work.

Not only was the burning of the idol fanes and even of the idols themselves a common result on these islands, of the preaching of Christ, but the chiefs commonly led the way in the conversion of the people, and sometimes in the advocacy of such conversion by public addresses. It was most affecting to the missionaries to see knees bowed in prayer to God, and tongues unloosed in supplication, upon islands which had never before known prayer to Jehovah. Sometimes the public destruction of idols was attended by vast crowds, and presided over by the chiefs in person, who disrobed the gods of their gaudy

trappings and flung them as fuel into the fire. In some cases all the ensigns of idolatry were destroyed throughout an island in a few hours, and the erection of a place of worship for Jehovah immediately succeeded the destruction of the Maraes. For example, upon the arrival of Tamatoa and his followers at Opoa, a multitude met them on the sea beach, and numbers ran to and fro, shouting welcome in the name of their gods, and expecting to receive war-captives; but, as the chief's canoe neared the shore, a herald stood upon a lifted platform and shouted back: "We have brought no victims slain in battle; we are all praying people and worship the true God;" and thereupon he held up the books which the missionaries had written for them, and cried: "These are the victims, the trophies with which we have returned."

Soon after the arrival of Tamatoa at Raiatea the inhabitants were informed of the work of grace at Tahiti, and were urged to yield themselves to the Gospel, and about one-third of the people agreed to the proposal. Tamatoa was shortly after taken very ill, and one of the Christians proposed to destroy Oro, the great national idol, lest perhaps Jehovah

A CHRISTIAN TEACHER READING THE BIBLE, ANEITYUM.

was angry with them for not having done this before. After consultation it was agreed that it should be done. A courageous band proceeded to the great Marae at Opoa, took Oro from his seat, tore off his robes and fired his temple. The heathen party determined to fight the Christians and destroy them, and they built a house of cocoanut trunks and bread fruit trees, into which they intended to thrust them and burn them alive. The Christian natives spent hours in prayer, and planning for their defense against the fury of these foes. So conspicuous was their appeal to God and their faith in his interposition, that their enemies themselves attributed their own defeat to the influence of the new religion; and it was no wonder, for their attack upon the Christians was turned into a panic, the heathen were seized with consternation, and after a short resistance threw away their arms and fled for their lives. Instead of meeting with such barbarous treatment as they would have inflicted had they been the conquerors, they met at the hands of the Christians not only mercy, but loving kindness. A feast was prepared at which nearly a hundred large pigs were baked whole and served

with bread-fruit and other vegetables, and when these defeated heathen sat down to eat they could not swallow their food, so overwhelmed were they by the astonishing events of the day. One of them arose and said: "Let every one act as he will, but for my part, never again to my dying day will I worship the gods that could not protect us in the hour of danger. We were four times the number of the praying people, yet with the greatest ease they have conquered us. Jehovah is the true God. Had we been conquerors, they would now be burning in the house we made for the purpose; but instead of injuring us, or our wives or children, they have set for us this sumptuous feast. Theirs is a religion of mercy. I will go and join myself to this people."

Such was the effect of this address that *every one of the heathen party bowed his knees that very night in prayer to Jehovah*, for the first time, and actually united with the Christians in returning thanks for the victory which Jehovah had accorded to those whom they had sought to destroy. The next morning, after prayers, both the Christians and the heathen united in destroying every Marae in Tahua

and Raiatea, so that, in three days after this battle, no vestige of idol worship could be found in either island, and yet at this time there was at neither of these islands any missionary!

Mr. Williams tells a most affecting story of a spiritual beggar known as Buteve. There were six or eight stone seats, regarded with much veneration by the people as connected with their grandfathers, or some great chiefs. These were generally formed of two smooth stones, one of which served as a seat and the other as a support for the back, and here, in the cool of the day, would be found certain persons ready to chat with any passer-by. Mr. Williams's attention was arrested by seeing a person get off one of these seats and walk upon his knees into the center of the "parent path," shouting, "Welcome, servant of God, who brought light into this dark island! To you we are indebted for the Word of Heaven." Mr. Williams asked this cripple what he knew about Heaven, and found his answers to be exceedingly intelligent about Jesus Christ and his Atonement, the future life, the approach of the soul to God in prayer, and the work of the Holy Spirit, and he said: "Buteve, where did you obtain all this knowl-

edge? I do not remember ever to have seen you at the settlements where I have spoken; and, besides this, your hands and feet are eaten off by disease and you have to walk upon your knees." Buteve answered: "As the people return from the service, I sit by the wayside and beg from them as they pass by a bit of the Word; one gives me one piece and another another, and I gather them together in my heart, and thinking over what I thus obtain, and praying to God to make me know, I get to understand." This poor cripple, who had never been in a place of worship himself had thus picked up the crumbs which fell from the Lord's table and eagerly devoured them.

Not only were these natives rapidly converted, but they became zealous and successful evangelists. They made tours of the islands, endeavoring to bring others to Christ and to leave no heathen settlement unvisited and no idol remaining. They proved to be exceedingly prayerful, and faithful and singularly benevolent, so that in proportion to their ability their gifts averaged far beyond the gifts of members of Christian churches in the most favored lands.

On one occasion Mr. Williams explained the manner in which English Christians raised money to send the Gospel to the heathen, and the natives expressed great regret at not having money that they might help in the same good work of causing the Word of God to grow. Mr. Williams replied: "If you have no money, you have something that takes the place of money; something *to buy money with;*" he then referred to the pigs that he had brought to the island on his first visit, and which had so increased that every family possessed them; and he suggested that, if every family in the island would set apart a pig for causing the Word of God to grow, and, when the ships came, would sell the pigs for money, a large offering might be raised. The natives were delighted with the idea, and the next morning the squeaking of the pigs, which were receiving the "mark of the Lord" in their ears, was heard from one end of the settlement to the other. On Mr. Williams's return to the island, the native treasurer put into his hands one hundred and three pounds, the product of these sales. It was the first money they had ever possessed, and every farthing of it was given to the cause of Christ.

The story of the work of God at Aitutaki, Atiu, Mangaia and Mauke, is the more interesting because all these changes are the result of native missionaries, no European missionary ever having resided at either of these islands.

The eagerness of the people to welcome missionaries probably has had no parallel in missionary history. When Mr. Williams went to Savaii, he was met with extravagant joy, which the South Sea Islanders invariably show by weeping. He learned that Malietoa, his brother, the principal chiefs and nearly all the inhabitants of their settlement had embraced Christianity, had built a chapel, holding seven hundred people, which was always full, and that in the two large islands of Savaii and Upolu, the Gospel had been introduced into more than thirty villages, and that the great body of the people were waiting only for Mr. Williams's arrival to renounce their heathenism. When he met Malietoa, the chief remarked, "My heart's desire is to know the Word of Jehovah." In the afternoon Mr. Williams preached to not less than a thousand persons, and was followed by the chief himself who urged all Savaii and Upolo to embrace this new relig-

ion, and pledged his whole soul to the encircling of the land with the Word of Jehovah, and when Mr. Williams proposed to return at once to his native country and urge his brother Christians to furnish more missionaries for the South Seas, the chieftain replied, "Go with all speed, get all the missionaries you can and come back as soon as you can, but many of us will be dead before you return." The whole pathos of missions was in that short entreaty.

The public renunciation of heathenism was often accompanied with most interesting ceremonies; for instance, every chief of note had his Etu, that is, some species of bird, fish, or reptile, in which the spirit of his god was believed to reside, and the way to desecrate the Etu so that it could no longer be regarded as sacred was to cook and eat that in which the god was believed to dwell. For example, the Etu of one of the chiefs was an eel, and an eel was caught, cooked and eaten in order to evince his sincerity. When the spectators saw that no harm came from such acts as these, like the inhabitants of ancient Malta, they changed their minds and said, "Jehovah is the true God."

In the Missionary Museum of the London Missionary Society has been placed a relic which Mr. Williams himself brought from the South Seas. It is known as Papo. It was the god of war, attached to the canoe of the leader when the people went forth to battle, and regarded with great veneration, and yet it was nothing more than a piece of old rotten matting about three yards long and four inches in width.

The Apostle of the South Seas thus concludes his own narrative of these remarkable events, in which all believing disciples must surely see the power of God. He was especially impressed, he says, with the *rapidity* of the work of Christ under his labors; whereas, at Tahiti, fourteen or fifteen years of toil and anxiety passed before a single conversion took place, and, at New Zealand, the devoted missionaries of the Church Missionary Society labored for nearly twenty years before the natives showed any general desire to be taught; at the Navigators' Islands, in less than twenty brief months chapels were erected and the people clamoring for instruction.

The new religion was so highly esteemed

by all classes and the desire for the missionaries was so intense that, at many stations the people had built places of worship, had prepared their food on Saturday, and came together at six o'clock on the Sabbath morning, sitting for an hour in silence, and repeating this a second and even a third time during the day. Truly the isles did "wait for His law."

When Mr. Williams first visited Raratonga, in 1823, he found them all heathens; when he left them, in 1834, they were all professed Christians; and in the stead of idols and Maraes were three spacious places of Christian worship, with an aggregate of six thousand attendants. He found them without a written language, and left them reading in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. He found them without a Sabbath, and when he left them there was no manner of work done on the Lord's day. He found them ignorant of the nature of true worship; he left them with family prayer every morning and evening in every house in the island, and what was true of Raratonga was true of the whole Hervey group. In ten years' time a dark and bloody idolatry, with all its horrid rites,

gave way to the triumphs of the Gospel. To the close of Mr. Williams's life there was one continued series of successes. Island after island and group after group were successively and rapidly brought under the influence of the Gospel, so that not one group or island of importance could be found within two thousand miles of Tahiti in any direction to which the good news of the Gospel had not been carried. It is not wonderful that, when the Bishop of Ripon laid down the story of Williams's missionary career, he should have said, "I have now been reading the 29th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles." Surely those only can feel no interest in the work of missions who have no predisposition to the spirit of Christ, or who are in utter ignorance of the facts of missionary history.

Mr. Williams's death was the result undoubtedly of misapprehensions. Injuries had been received by the Erromangoans from the crew of a vessel which shortly before had landed there, and the people were irritated by the sight of foreigners. Mr. Williams, when approaching the shore, was struck with a club by one of the natives; then pierced with several arrows; and his body was drawn

into the bush, and probably the greater part of it was eaten by these cannibals.

In 1889, the fiftieth anniversary of John Williams's martyrdom, a monument was erected at Erromanga to his memory, and the man who laid its corner-stone was the son of that same murderous savage who dealt the deadly blow; while, at the same time, another son of this murderer was preaching the Gospel in Australia!

No. II.

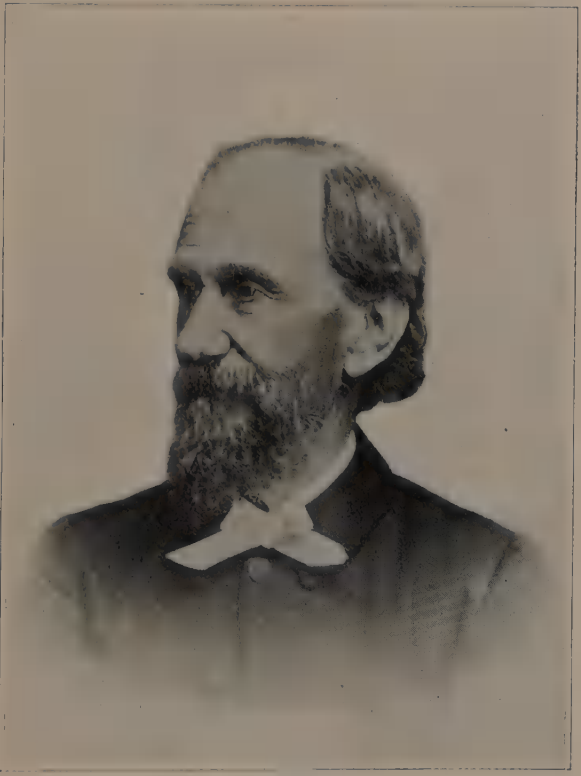
THE LIGHT AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

"IF you want most to serve your race," said Mary Lyon, "go where no one else will go. and do what no one else will do."

We propose to draw in profile the outline of one of the most wonderful and fascinating stories of modern missions—the narrative of the founding of the Huguenot Seminary at Wellington, Cape Colony.

Wellington, about forty miles from Cape Town, is a gem set in a ring of mountains—the Drakenstein and Paarl ranges. It is now more than two centuries since some three hundred Huguenots, who had fled from France to Holland after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, accepted the invitation of the Dutch East India Company, and settled at the Cape. What the Puritans were to America, these devoted refugees became to the Dark Continent.

By law Dutch was the language of the



REV. ANDREW MURRAY.

colony; and so, in a few generations, the French ceased to be their language, and almost the nationality of these refugees was lost. Early in this century the colony passed into the hands of Great Britain, and the Dutch Reformed churches, already established, became largely supplied with Scotch Presbyterian pastors.

One of these was Rev. Andrew Murray, who was settled over the congregation at Graaff Reinet. He married a Germano-Huguenot lady, and five of their sons now preach in the colony, while four of their daughters are wives of ministers. The second son, also called Andrew, is the pastor of the church at Wellington, and the now famous author of the most precious devotional books which perhaps during the past half century have been issued from the English press.

This man of God, Andrew Murray, nearly twenty years ago, buried two young children at his African home; and, as Mrs. Murray expressed it, "their hands seemed emptied, and ready for some work with which the Lord was waiting to fill them." The bereaved husband and wife went, in December,

1872, to the seaside to rest, and there they read together the marvelous life of Mary Lyon. So thrilled were they by that story of heroism that they sought to obtain everything that could further inform them of the subsequent history of the Holyoke Seminary and its pupils, and eagerly devoured the story of Fidelia Fiske, the Mary Lyon of Persia.

Just at this time the descendants of those Huguenot refugees living at Wellington were proposing to build some monument or memorial to their ancestors; and Mr. Murray was strangely and strongly impressed that the best memorial they could rear was just *such a school for their daughters.* The schools scattered through South Africa were neither such as the mind nor morals of the girls needed; few of them were fitted to train immortal souls for service here or glory hereafter. Every indication of human need and Divine Providence seemed to point to this as the time and place for a new Holyoke. And, after much thought, consultation, and prayer, letters were written to the Massachusetts Holyoke, asking for a graduate to found a similar school at the Cape of Good Hope.

These letters awakened unusual interest at the parent seminary, and were put into the hands of Miss Abbie P. Ferguson, a graduate of the class of 1856, who was at that time conducting a very successful work in New Haven, Conn. Her mind was so deeply impressed that God was calling her to Africa, that she could not rest until she had laid herself at the Lord's feet, to go wherever He might lead. She breathed a prayer that, if He was indeed calling her to Wellington, another might be found to share the work; and just then Miss Anna E. Bliss, of the class of 1862, offered herself as a companion in labor. Just at this time, across the Atlantic, special prayer was arising that Jehovah Jireh would provide a teacher, and so once more prayer and its answer joined in a blessed harmony man's performance and God's purpose. Before the letters reached Wellington, telling of the decision of these teachers, Mr. Murray, with characteristic faith, had sent passage-money to America; and when the news of the decision of Miss Ferguson and Miss Bliss reached the colonists, the open letters were bedewed with tears of thanksgiving. They had asked one teacher, and God had given two.

Mr. Murray rehearsed the whole story of this marked leading of God, commended the proposed work to the Lord in prayer, and pledges were given on the spot to insure the support of the new school. Though not a rich people, in a few weeks $6,000 had been given by the Wellingtonians alone, one widow giving one-sixteenth of the whole amount—all her little patrimony.

Miss Ferguson and her companion sailed for Africa in September, 1873, and arrived at Cape Town in about eight weeks. They found that a large building with grounds had been bought for the school, the life of Mary Lyon had been translated into Dutch, and many young people were ready to enter as pupils into the new Huguenot Seminary, or as teachers, to seek higher fitness for their calling. The seminary was formally opened, January 19, 1874, and the large assemblies which that day prayerfully committed the work to the Lord will never be forgotten. During the first term there were forty students from fifteen to forty years of age; and the Bible and prayer were from the first the characteristic features of the school life, the first hour of each day being given to instruction in the

Holy Word, and a half hour in the day being reserved for the quiet of personal communication with God.

The devout and earnest purpose of these teachers was to educate Christian character. God honors those who honor Him. One morning the Scripture lesson was on the new birth, and before that day had gone *thirteen* had taken their place on the Lord's side. Even those whom candor compelled to confess that they were unsaved, could not rest content without salvation; and, when another meeting was called, for those who felt that they were Christ's, *every one in the school came.* And after all these years have put the confession to the test, nearly every one has remained faithful, and not a few have been filling positions of singular usefulness.

Our space will not permit more than an outline of a history now covering nearly a score of years. But, as might be expected, the saved became saviours. Children were gathered from the street, and a Sunday-school was formed ; through the children access was obtained to their parents ; cottage meetings —as many as fourteen at one time, conducted by young ladies ; the navvies and their fami-

lies were reached by the same consecrated workers, and Wellington Seminary became a fountain of living waters.

The seminary building became too strait for the growth of the institution, and a new building became a necessity ; its corner-stone was laid November 19, 1874, the two buildings together costing $40,000. Two more teachers were sent for, and Miss Wells and Miss Bailey came from America, November, 1874, and soon after Miss Spijker, from Holland, to teach Dutch and French.

In July, 1875, the new building was ready for use ; the pupils increased from forty to ninety, and the school was divided into two departments—one preparatory. In December, 1875, Miss Landfear came from New Haven to share the growing burden of work, and still later Miss Brewer, of Stockbridge, Mass. ; in 1877, Miss Cummings and Miss Knapp were added to the corps of instructors, and the standard of the school kept rising higher and higher, both intellectually and spiritually.

During 1878, stimulated by the reports of the ten years' work of the Womans' Board of Missions in America, the Huguenot Mission-

ary Society was organized, and became speedily the parent of many mission circles. Missionary offerings had been the habit at the weekly devotional meetings, and had been sent to Mrs. Schauffler, in Austria, to Dr. Bernardo and Miss Annie Macpherson in London, to the Basuto, Natal, and Indian missions. But now the work took organized form, and before the year closed a member of the school offered herself as a missionary, and subsequently went as their representative to the heathen in the Transvaal.

That same year—1878—the first graduating class left the Huguenot Seminary. To trace the after-careers of these four graduates may give some hint of the streams which flow from this fountain. One of the four (Miss Malherbe) was next year a teacher in her Alma Mater, and then took the principalship of Prospect Seminary in Prætoria in the Transvaal; Miss De Leeuw and Miss Mader started a boarding-school at Bethlehem, in the Orange Free State, similar to the Wellington Seminary; and during the first year had five more pupils than Wellington at the corresponding period of its history; Miss Wilson went to teach in the Rockland Semi-

nary at Cradock. In December, 1879, seven more young ladies received diplomas, and all became teachers. Meanwhile God continued to bestow His grace, and again in 1879 nearly all the inmates of the school became disciples of Christ. These nearly twenty years have been marked by a constant growth. In 1882 there was opened a model school, and a normal department was organized. Books, and chemical and philosophical apparatus, a Williston observatory and telescope, etc., were furnished by generous friends; and far and wide the "daughters" of Miss Ferguson and her fellow-teachers scattered to diffuse new blessings.

In April, 1880, Miss Ferguson left for rest and change, and visited her native land, returning the next year. And in 1882 another building was erected, to accommodate about forty more pupils—boarders; and during the same year, as already intimated, another building was opened for a model school for the training of the younger children of the village; and the pupils of the normal class have practice in the art of teaching, and can learn the most approved methods—kindergarten, etc.

The pressure of pupils and too little room

made it necessary again to enlarge, and a cottage adjoining the school grounds was purchased. In 1885 Miss Cummings, of Strafford, Vt., one of the teachers, came home for a year's visit, and secured from Mr. Goodnow, of Worcester, a building costing some £3,000. The upper story, to be used as a chapel, will seat five hundred, and the lower floor is devoted to art-room and scientific class-rooms.

Last year the applications were so many it was again necessary to provide more room; and, while hesitating whether to build or rent rooms near the seminary, the principal of a girls' school at the Paarl, a village some eight miles distant, applied to the trustees to purchase his building, failing health making it necessary that he and his wife should give up the work. Some of the village people were very anxious the school should come under the influence of the Huguenot Seminary, and after much thought and prayer the purchase was made. This school takes the younger pupils, making it a preparatory department, and one of the American teachers superintends it. This gives more room at Wellington for advanced pupils. The schools are

called Huguenot Seminary, Paarl, and Huguenot Seminary, Wellington. There are now in the two schools over four hundred pupils. They have the same board of trustees, and are under the same principal.

The expense of buildings and grounds has outrun their income, and they have felt keenly the pressure of debt. But the friends of Christian education in the colony have responded nobly to the call for aid, and at different times Parliament has granted them appropriations amounting to £2,000, so that during the last yaar they had much rejoicing in Wellington over the accomplishment of the long-desired freedom from debt. There is some indebtedness on the Paarl school yet; but Dr. Dale, or Sir Langham Dale, the Superintendent of Education, for the colony, gives them encouragement to hope that Government will give them help by and by.

In 1888 Mrs. H. B. Allen, of Meriden, Conn., a sister of Miss Ferguson, sent a circular letter to her sister's classmates asking for help to reduce their indebtedness, it being her sister's "jubilee year," and the two hundredth anniversary of the settling of the Huguenots in South Africa. They were to make a special

effort to "go free" that year. Mrs. Allen secured about $200 in money, but interest and prayer which were, perhaps, worth more. And then faith was rewarded, for early in 1889 the grant from Government came.

The writer does not know just the number of missionaries who have gone out from the school, but there have been hundreds of teachers.

Miss Ferguson made a famous journey in 1887–88. In October, 1887, she left the seminary for her year's vacation. The first three months of it she spent in visiting the missionary stations in the Midland and Eastern provinces of the colony, where some of the pupils are located as missionaries and teachers. She returned to Wellington in December, and met two of her pupils from Basutoland, who had just graduated, and returned with them to their home. They are the daughters of French missionaries who are in charge of the Protestant mission of Basutoland. They went by train from Wellington to Kimberley (where the diamond mines are), and spent several days with school daughters there. A bullock wagon, drawn by fourteen oxen belonging to the missionaries, was sent

from Moujah to meet them. Leaving Kimberley on the 28th of December, they reached Moujah on the 10th of January, outspanning in the heat of the day, and traveling often by moonlight. Two Christian natives, who had long been in the mission family, had charge of the party—Eleazer and Nkloroso.

I have before me the plan of the journey as Miss Ferguson sent it from Moujah. Here are extracts from her journal :

"February 5th, at Hermon (Basutoland) ; February 12th, at Mofukas for the baptism of a sister of the old chief Mosesh, over eighty years old, and others. February 19th, Leribe, Mr. Colliard's old station. February 27th, Bethlehem, Orange Free State, with Mrs. Theron, one of our Huguenot teachers. March 3d, Heilbron, Orange Free State, where four of my Huguenot daughters live. March 8th, Freeport, Orange Free State, the minister and wife from Wellington. March 12th, Potchefstroom, Transvaal, where I have several daughters. Here Mrs. Gonin, wife of the missionary at Saul's Poort, meets me with her bullock wagon, and we go on to Rustenberg, where one of my daughters is in the school. Her father is the principal.

March 19th to April 20th, Saul's Poort, Mabie's Kraal and Mochuli; in all these places we have girls who are missionaries. The last of April, I go to Prætoria (Transvaal), where we have girls teaching ; then on to Wakkustroom and Utrecht with Mr. Murray's sister. The last of May to Rorke's Drift, where my friend, the Baroness Rossi has a little mission work of her own. June and July I expect to spend in Natal with the American missionaries.

Miss Ferguson was detained by rains and full rivers, so that she did not leave Mochuli until May. (Mochuli is half-way between the parallel 24° S. and the Tropic of Capricorn, and half-way between meridian 26° and 27° E. just north of the Natwane River, almost in the torrid zone. It is not on the map.) Pietermaritzburg, the capital of the Transvaal, was the *only place where she spent a night at a hotel.* She arrived Saturday night, and her letter to friends had not been received; but she was found on the Sabbath and carried away to the home of Christian friends.

Early in August she sailed from Durban to Port Elizabeth, went to King William's Town, and on up to Graaf Reinet ; then to Kimber-

ley again in the interest of the mission work so near her heart, which has resulted in the Mission House, cared for by three of the Huguenot daughters; and back to Wellington the last of September.

Every letter speaks of the marvelous kindness everywhere received, and the wonderful openings for work. We have not spoken of the "Chautauqua circles" that have been formed all through South Africa. Miss Landfear, one of the Huguenot teachers, is the secretary for South Africa, and is introducing a class of reading that is educating and elevating those who have left school. A circle has been formed among the native boys at Moujah.

If any of our readers will, on the map, follow this remarkable journey of Miss Ferguson through Southern Africa, they will see how many hundreds of miles she went; and let it be remembered that only *one night* in all that journey was spent at a hotel; in every other case she was the guest of "her daughters"—the young ladies who had graduated from Wellington and gone into all that dark land to become teachers, missionaries, wives of godly men and ministers of the Gos-

pel, and who are thus turning many a "Valley of Desolation" and barren waste of Paganism into the Lord's garden! Are we not right in calling Wellington's Huguenot Seminary "the Light at the Cape"? To-day Miss Ferguson has under her care four hundred pupils.

We must add a word as to the progress of education in other parts of the land, which is largely due to the influence of Wellington.

In 1874, the year when the Huguenot Seminary began its work, Rev. J. Neethling, of Stellenbosch, asked for a teacher from America, on behalf of the school committee, and Miss Gilson came in response to the call in November of the same year. Before the year 1875 closed, a boarding department was opened; and the large and flourishing seminary now does for the Lord most excellent and efficient work both in training intellects and educating Christian hearts for the service of the Kingdom.

During 1875 a request for two teachers was sent from Worcester by Rev. William Murray, the minister there, to America. And, as at Wellington, the spirit of faith and prayer anticipated the arrival of the teachers in pre-

paring for the school and sending forward the passage-money. The Misses Smith (two sisters), of Sunderland, Mass., responded. In April, 1876, the seminary building at Worcester was completed. At the opening, Rev. Andrew Murray spoke on the great need of multiplying such Christian schools in Africa, and it was determined to ask for six more teachers from over the seas.

At the same time Miss Helen Murray began work at Graaf Reinet, taking charge of the Midland Seminary, with twenty-five boarders and as many day scholars, until Miss Thayer and Miss Ayers arrived, six months later. A revival during the first term put the significant seal of God's approval on the work at its very inception, and nearly all the pupils rejoiced in Jesus. In 1876 Miss Lester left Woodstock, Conn., for the Bloemhof Seminary at Stellenbosch, and in April, four years after, was transferred to a similar work in Standerton, in the Transvaal.

During 1877 Messrs. Andrew and Charles Murray visited America, and in answer to their appeal for teachers, *thirteen* more went to Africa that year, one of whom went eventually to Swellendam. And when, in Septem-

ber, 1877, the Messrs. Murray returned, Rev. George R. Ferguson, brother to the founder of the Huguenot Seminary at Wellington, came with them to take in charge a new school or institute for training of *young men* as evangelists and missionaries, and has since been engaged in that work at Wellington.

When this noble band of workers arrived, in 1877, to reinforce the educational mission work in Africa, a feast of rejoicing and thanksgiving filled an "eight days" like the feasts of ancient Israel. The windows were illumined, the flowers hung in festoons or bloomed in bouquets "like as" on an Easter morning, and the Lord was magnified in the praises of his own. One day twenty-seven Americans dined together in the building where, four years before, two teachers began their pioneer work. The teachers at Graaf Reinet, too far away to participate in person, flashed greetings over the electric wires.

After a few days the new teachers began to disperse to Worcester, Graaf Reinet, Stellenbosch, Beaufort West, Swellendam, etc. Miss Clary chose Prætoria, because the *work there was most difficult* and discouraging; and Miss Ruggles undertook with her the journey

to this field fifteen hundred miles beyond Cape Town.

We can follow no further this fascinating story. In 1880 eleven schools had already been established in South Africa under the care of these American teachers—eight in Cape Colony, two in the Transvaal, and one in the Orange Free State. Thirty-eight ladies had, previous to 1881, gone out from America to take charge of this work of education; and the devoted man of God, Rev. Andrew Murray, has generally had the privilege of applying for teachers, while Mrs. H. B. Allen, of Meriden, Conn. (sister of Miss Ferguson), has coöperated in the selection of those who should go.

No words can express the blessing which has come through this period of almost twenty years to the whole of Africa through these grand Christian schools. They are building light houses, not at the Cape only, but all through the Southern half of the Dark Continent. We doubt whether any work ever done for God has had, from the inception, more signal tokens of His approbation and blessing.

Those who have visited Graaf Reinet have

remarked that it stands close by the "Valley of Desolation," so called from its absolute barrenness and the absence of life. In fact, Graaf Reinet is itself simply a section of that barren waste reclaimed by culture and irrigation. How completely the whole aspect of this part of the valley has been transfigured may be inferred from the fact that in the garden of Rev. Charles Murray eighty different species or varieties of roses may be found in bloom. May this not be a precious symbol and type of what the Huguenot Seminary and its companion schools are doing for the wild wastes of the Dark Continent, flashing out rays to illumine the midnight, and sending forth streams to irrigate the barrenness, until where darkness and dearth abounded there shall be a radiance as of a morning without clouds, and a fertility as of an earthly Eden!

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom like the garden of the Lord."

No. III.

THE "LONE STAR" MISSION.

THE Romance of Ongole reads like a fairy tale. This station is some two hundred miles north of Madras, in the Telugu country of India. Some thirty-seven years ago Dr. Jewett, missionary from Nellore, in the service of the American Baptists, while touring in this thickly settled region, climbed the summit of a mountain near Ongole, and surveying the country besought God to send there a missionary. For thirteen years that prayer seemed lost. But God was not unmindful, and he was preparing a workman for this "Lone Star" field, which, in 1853, at the anniversary meetings in Albany, it had been almost determined to abandon as a fruitless and hopeless enterprise.

Mr. Clough, a civil engineer, became strangely impressed that he was called to this field, and that God would there give him

ten thousand converts in a great and marvelous ingathering. It seemed to be the wild fancy of a vagarist or dreamer. The Baptist Board hesitated to send such a fanatic to the field. But he persisted, and was finally appointed to the Lone Star Mission. Blessings have crowned his work that have thrilled the whole Christian church with amazement and gratitude, and which deserve record among the Miracles of Missions.

The Lord has often used the locusts and caterpillars as his "great army," and he used the famine of 1877 as his messenger to prepare the way. It has been estimated that, in the Presidency of Madras alone three millions of people perished in consequence, and in Mysore and Bombay districts two and a quarter millions more. While the Brahmanic priesthood and the heathen people, even the rich, looked on with selfish and stolid indifference, Christian England sent a relief fund of $4,000,000; and the distribution of such noble charities among this alien people made a profound impression on the native mind, and compelled a comparison of the two religions, which was by no means favorable to Brahmanism and its kindred faiths.

During the severest pressure of famine it became obvious why God had chosen a *civil engineer* for this emergency. Mr. Clough was studying to provide work for the suffering masses round about him. He went to the authorities of the government and proposed to undertake the construction of three and a half miles of the Buckingham Canal, in order to furnish employment and food for these starving thousands. The offer was accepted. After the day's work was done these people gathered in camps and the Gospel was preached to them; meetings for prayer and praise were held, inquirers were guided, and converts taught and encouraged. The spirit of God began to work in a way and on a scale which probably has had no parallel since Pentecost. Seed that had been sown now rapidly sprang into blade, ear, and full-grown corn in the ear. Idols were flung away by the thousands, and even the hundreds of thousands, as useless. The missionaries were thronged by inquirers, and had no leisure so much as to eat. Lest the sincerity of the motives of the converts should be questioned, they were kept on a sort of probation until after the famine had

been relieved and there was no longer the temptation to seek the church as a charity organization.

As soon as it was safe to receive professed converts they poured by the thousands into the church. Between June and December, 1878, nearly ten thousand were, after diligent and careful examination, received into the fold by baptism. These marvelous ingatherings were, undoubtedly, of such as were being saved. They have proved unusually faithful, and, after ten years, the work still goes on. The prayer offered on that mountain has been conspicuously and gloriously answered, and no miracle of apostolic days more plainly shows the finger of God. The immense congregations, the character of the converts, the theological seminary at Ramapatam with its two hundred students, and the transformations to be seen in society all through the Telugu country, prove that the Lone Star has been, and still is, shining with supernatural beams in this great darkness.

Mr. Clough has been permitted to do efficient service in another direction, in striking a heroic blow at the monstrous *caste system* of India. His first arrival in the country was

hailed with joy by the high-caste Brahmans, who rejoiced to have a prospect of good schools for their children. They promised their support, and they kept their word; they placed under Mr. Clough's instruction sixty-two of their sons and paid well for their education. The prosperity of the schools seemed to be on a firm basis, and no restraint was put upon the teaching of the truth. This spontaneous and generous welcome to Christian schools was the opening of a new and wide door of service.

But a perplexity arose. Three men of low caste presented themselves as converts and were welcomed as became a missionary who believed in a church where there was no barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, male or female, but all one in Christ Jesus.

The caste spirit was aroused and the aristocratic Brahmans indignantly threatened that if Mr. Clough had any more to do with the outcast Sudras and Pariahs, all the support of the higher classes would at once be withdrawn from him and his schools. While he hesitated and wavered, scarcely knowing what course to take, two more low-class converts knocked at the church doors, and the

genuineness of their conversion demanded a prompt decision. The crisis of the mission had arrived. The horns of an inevitable dilemma threatened to impale the missionary, and to escape the one was to cast himself upon the other. If he refused the low-caste converts, what became of the democracy of the Christian church? If he admitted them, what became of his aristocracy and the schools dependent on the high caste for support?

He consulted his wife, and they both retired by agreement to separate rooms for prayer. "O God, guide us in this extremity of the mission," was the groaning of two hearts whose deeper prayer could not be uttered. Simultaneously, in their different rooms, the husband and wife each took up a Testament from a pile lying before them for distribution among Eurasians; and without any *intention of opening to any particular place*, both husband and wife, involuntarily, unconsciously opened to the same passage and verses—1 Cor. i. 26–31: "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called: but God hath chosen the foolish,

weak, base, despised, the things which are not," etc. To each of them came the same thought: "I see it: I have not been building on God's plan; this structure must come down and I must begin anew." The wife and husband started to meet each other and communicate with each other the direct answer to prayer through the Word. "See here," said Mrs. Clough, "what I have been reading." "But I have been reading the same verses," replied he; "did you know it?" "No, indeed." Thus by a remarkable coincidence God, at the same moment, by the same means, made their way clear as day. They were to build the church like a pyramid, from the *broad base of the lowest classes upward*, and the base must be broad enough to take in the masses of the poorest and basest and the weakest and most despised.

They had the heroism to follow the divine guidance. The very next morning they made their decision public. *Every pupil left the school*, and the financial bottom of their enterprise collapsed in ruin. The friendship of the high castes was changed to bitter hostility. They began anew. The base was now broad enough to embrace all who would come, how-

ever poor or low. And on that basis another structure was reared, in which, strange to say, *more upper-caste converts* have been built than under the former aristocratic system!

We do not wonder that those who have studied the work of God among the Telugus have regarded it as without a parallel in the history of modern Christian missions in heathen or in civilized countries; and in some of its features and aspects as suggesting the Pentecostal period and its wonderful scenes. The present condition of the mission is full of constant promise and prophecy, and greater successes in the near future are confidently expected. This mission is evoking the best care and the most munificent contributions of the Baptists of America, and we all gaze in amazement at the achievements of divine grace and power among these ignorant and degraded Telugus. A short time ago and what was said of the work among the people was the language of depreciation and discouragement, if not of contempt. Now many pages of the yearly report are required to present only the merest outlines of the surprising successes which continue to crown the toils of the working forces in the Telugu field.

Large and eager audiences listened with breathless attention for nearly two hours at a time while Dr. Clough, who was at home on a visit narrated, without embellishment or emotion, the simple, extraordinary, almost incredible facts of his labors in the "Lone Star" field. No mission in the world, prosecuted by any Christian denomination, can so arouse, enlist, and compel the attention of a public assembly; no mission in the past or in the present has a record so marvelous, and it is with great joy that we observe the provision being made for the proper care of this large body of converts. At Ongole, the great center of that large field on which the blessing of God has been so bountifully lavished, a school has been established, for which, since Dr. Clough's recent return to this country, $10,000 have been subscribed for additional buildings. Besides this he also raised $10,000 for the erection of two mission-houses in Madras. The high-caste people cannot be reached and influenced by the Christian disciples in the Telugu churches until ignorance gives place to intelligence. The theological seminary at Ramapatam, under the management of President Williams, is doing a large and fine

work for the training and equipment of a native ministry. On the 1st of July, 1887, there was completed and occupied a building that will favorably compare with anything of the kind that can be found among the other missions of Southern India. At Nellore is soon to be built the Bucknell Female Seminary, a school for the training of Bible-women and female teachers for girls' schools, and for this building one gentleman, Mr. Bucknell of Philadelphia, has given $3,500.

The work of evangelization is being carried steadily and vigorously on. The conversions and baptisms since the great awakening and ingathering in 1877–78 have averaged over 2,000 souls a year. Ten years later there were 13 central stations and 205 outstations in this mission; 37 American missionaries, including the women of the company; 174 native preachers, ordained and unordained; and 21 Bible-women and other native helpers, making a total working force of 323. Within a decade of years one church had grown to 34, comprising a membership of nearly 25,000. There were baptized in 1886 in this mission nearly 3,000 and in 1891, 4,000. Besides the high school at Ongole and the theological

seminary at Ramapatam, there were 180 mission schools with nearly 4,000 pupils ; and all this the growth of about eighteen years ! There was much sowing, praying, and weeping for some years prior to this large and splendid harvest. But what a harvest ! And it still continues year by year, and no prophet can foretell how grand may be the abundance of sheaves yet to be gathered.

No. IV.

THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

IN the magic tales of missions Siam has not been very conspicuous. There has been no such rapid, startling, striking development of results as has marked the South Sea Islands, parts of India, Japan, and even Papal lands like France and Italy. In Siam the kingdom comes without observation; neither do men say, "Lo here! or lo, there!" as though to call attention to some amazing phenomenon. Hence by some who look on missions with hypercritical and unsympathetic eyes silence has been taken to imply that there is nothing to be said that is encouraging as to past toils or stimulating as to the future triumphs.

For this very reason we select Siam as our next theme. Here is a land and a people, among the most interesting in the Orient, but of which little has been known until of late, and of which even now many otherwise

intelligent Christian disciples have yet to be accurately informed. Owing to the native custom of numbering only the males, it is difficult to get accurate returns of the population. But probably in Siam and the Laos country there are not far from eight millions. In other words, with an area six times as great as the State of New York, Siam has a population about equal to that Empire State. Its capital, Bangkok, the Venice of the Orient, contains itself probably half a million.

We smile at the homage there paid to the "strange colored" elephant, which ranks among the nobility, has titles, gold bands on his tusks, is served by kneeling attendants with trays of silver, and is sprinkled with sacred water by obsequious priests, and attended by court physicians. But we must not judge the Siamese by this homage to a beast to be simply a degraded and superstitious nation of elephant worshipers; nor, by the shoe-brush top knot, or tuft of coarse black hair on the crown of the head, must we infer that they have neither taste nor manners nor æsthetic notions. They are gentle, amiable, respectful to parents and to old age, kind to children, urbane and polite to

PALACE ENCLOSURE — ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE, BANGKOK.

strangers, above the average in cleanliness and intelligence, and capable of high culture and refinement. The are untruthful and conceited, polygamy prevails among them, gambling-houses abound, and men have been known to sell their own wives and children to pay debts incurred in this fascinating "vice of risk." But not even in China and India have women such freedom and intelligence and ability; and in few countries do wider doors to mission efforts present themselves. Buddhism is here found in its purest and most unmixed state, with its virtual atheism and materialism, and wheels of endless transmigrations, with *Nepon*, like the Brahmanistic Nirvana, the goal of all desire, annihilation of all individual being. Idols abound everywhere. In one temple as many as 14,000 may be found; and in Bangkok alone are 200 temples with 10,000 yellow-robed lazy priests supported by charity.

The conditions were not inviting to mis sionary labor; and to complicate the question still more, the Papal church had carried its corrupted form of Christianity into Muang Ti, "The Land of the Free," as early as 1662, and had lowered even the Romish standard

of the Gospel to a level scarce above that of heathenism itself, seeking to win converts by accommodating, if not assimilating, Christianity to the native prejudices and customs.

It is now over seventy years ago since the first Protestant approaches were made to that shrine of Buddhism ; and, curiously enough, it was *woman's hand*, as in the zenana work in India and the evangelistic work in Mexico, that put the Gospel's golden key in the door that opened into Siam. While living at Rangoon, in Burmah, Mrs. Ann Hasseltine Judson became deeply interested in the Siamese residents in that city. On the last day of April, 1818, she wrote to a friend in this country as follows :

"Accompanying is a catechism in Siamese which I have just copied for you. I have attended to the Siamese language for about a year and a half, and, with the assistance of my teacher, have translated into the Siamese tongue the Burman Catechism just prepared by Dr. Judson, a tract containing an abstract of Christianity, and the Gospel of Matthew."

A very simple, unpretending clause in private correspondence ; but how little that se-

raphic woman knew its full significance! In 1819 that catechism came forth from the mission press at Serampore, *the first Christian book ever printed in Siamese.* The press was to be one of God's foremost agencies for the regeneration of Siam, and to a woman it was given to set that agency in motion, and in so doing lead Protestant effort in Siam!

Ten years after Mrs. Judson wrote that letter, in 1828, Dr. Carl Gutzlaff, the famous German missionary, with Rev. Mr. Tomlin, visited Bangkok, treated thousands of patients who applied for medical aid, and distributed boxes of books and tracts in the Chinese tongue; and they were so impressed with the need of Siam and the open door to the missionary, that they appealed to the churches of America to send forth laborers into this new harvest field. Mr. Tomlin's health compelled him to remove to Singapore, and Gutzlaff was left alone. He was but twenty-five years old when he came to Bangkok, and was there only three years; but those years left a permanent impress on Siamese evangelization. In 1829, Dr. Gutzlaff having prepared in Siamese a tract and one Gospel, went to Singapore to print them. While there

he married Maria Newell and brought her back to Siam, the first Christian woman that ever labored there. She died the next year, and, mourning the loss of his devoted and efficient helper, his failing health drove him to China. With what energy and devotion Dr. Gutzlaff had spent those three years may be inferred from his not only learning the language, but, with Tomlin's help, translating into Siamese the New Testament. Thus what Mrs. Judson began, Dr. Gutzlaff carried on.

In June, 1831, Rev. David Abeel, sent by the American Board, arrived in Siam, but after eighteen months was likewise forced by illness to withdraw. In 1834 came Rev. Messrs. Johnson and Robinson, and in 1835, Dr. D. B. Bradley. For thirty-eight years Dr. Bradley was permitted to labor; and when, in 1873, he died, he left two daughters, Mrs. MacGilvary and Mrs. Cheek, wives of missionaries, to represent him on the field.

For brevity's sake we curtail this narrative of Siamese missions, that we may give two illustrations of God's wonder-working in this land, where the eyes of so few ever turn with intelligent and absorbed interest. We select, first, a marked instance of supernatural *Prov-*

idence; and then some equally unmistakable examples of His illumining and transforming *grace.*

When, in 1847, Rev. Stephen Mattoon and Dr. Samuel R. House arrived at Bangkok, to represent what is, since the withdrawal of the American Board and of the American Missionary Society, *the only mission to the Siamese* —that of the Presbyterians—they found scarce a foothold. The king then on the throne was actively, though secretly, the foe of missions; and by his subtle influence with the people he so successfully thwarted the missionaries that they could scarce get, by rental or purchase, a house in which to live, or even food to eat. That same monarch so became involved in complication with the British Government that the expulsion of missionaries seemed inevitable in the unsettled state of the country and the excited state of the Siamese mind.

It was now 1851; a generation had passed away since Mrs. Judson made that first approach to Siam, and the entire work of thirty-three years seemed threatened with defeat and disappointment, all through the inveterate hostility and obstinacy of the king. He

was jealous of the growing influence of the missionaries and the increased "merit making" of the physicians. The native teachers had been thrown into prison, the servants of the missionaries fled, and no way seemed open but a way out of Siam, as soon as a ship should come to bear them away.

Just then—April 3, 1851—the king died, in the very crisis of affairs. God was again "known by the judgment which He executeth." As on July 1, 1839, in Turkey, the Sultan of the Universe, at a similar crisis in missions there, and in a similar way, removed the tyrannical Mahmûd who had just ordered the missionaries out of the country; so in 1851 the Sovereign in whose hand our very breath is, took away out of the path of missionary advance an otherwise insuperable obstacle, in the person of a malignant monarch.

A successor must be chosen, and the choice of the nobles fell upon the one man, who above all others, as God saw, would remove all restrictions upon the legitimate work of the missionaries. Maha Mongkut, or *Prah Chaum Klow* was called from monastic seclusion to sit on the throne of the "Sacred

Prahbahts." His enlightened policy at once changed the whole aspect and prospect of Siamese missions. Educated, liberal, tolerant; a scholar as to attainments in language and literature, science and general intelligence; in his adoption of foreign ideas and improvements a progressive statesman; in his rule wise, humane; in his bearing toward foreign residents and visitors urbane and courteous; in his intercourse with foreign powers high-toned and conciliatory; and in his aspirations for Siam as a member of the family of nations a high-minded patriot, he had, on all Oriental thrones, no rival. Such was the man whom the Providence of God lifted to the Siamese monarchy at the most critical hour of modern missions in that land. He reigned for nearly eighteen years, from 1851 to 1868; and under his rule missionaries have found not only tolerance but influence, and that, too, not only among Siamese citizens but at the Siamese Court.

This was all the direct fruit of missions; for that Buddhist priest-king, while a private citizen, had been the pupil of a missionary of the American Board, Rev. J. Caswell, who taught

him the languages and the sciences which prepared him for taking the reins of empire into competent hands, and whose personal influence disposed him to be liberal in his governmental policy, and friendly to all Christian missionaries. He ascended the golden steps with a heart full of kindly sentiments toward them ; they were invited to the royal palace, and were made to enjoy the royal bounty and favor. Their letters at this time recount how their society was courted by princes and nobles ; how their exiled teachers and servants returned to their places ; how throngs came to them to get books and talk of their contents ; and how, free to go and come as they would, they spoke in Jesus's name with confidence, no man forbidding, and obtained a respectful hearing. They could now get suitable sites and erect suitable buildings for homes ; and in that same year missionary ladies were admitted to teach in the palace among the women of the royal harem. From that hour to this the missionaries have been sheltered by the favor and protection of the reigning monarchs.

The following document, issued under royal sanction, may give some conception of the

CHU-LA-LANG-KORN, THE KING OF SIAM, AND HIS SONS.

attitude of Chaum Klow toward the servants of God. We quote in full:

"Many years ago the American missionaries came here. They came before any of the Europeans, and they taught the Siamese to speak and read the English language. The American missionaries have always been just and upright men. They have never meddled in the affairs of the Government, nor created any difficulty with the Siamese. They have lived with the Siamese just as if they belonged to the nation. The Government of Siam has great love and respect for them and has no fear whatever concerning them. When there has been any difficulty of any kind, the missionaries have many times rendered valuable assistance. For this reason the Siamese have loved and respected them for a long time. The Americans have also taught the Siamese many things."

This change in governmental policy proved permanent. The present king, Chulalang Korn, is the most progressive ruler in Asia, a "nursing father" to missions. In 1882 this king bought up the whole exhibit of the girls' mission school in the centennial celebration, and gave to the principals in charge a silver

medal. He has made a missionary, Dr. MacFarland, head of the Royal College at Bangkok and Superintendent of Public Instruction. In 1887 he visited Petchaburi, made careful inquiry as to the mission there, gave a silver medal to Dr. Thompson, the medical missionary, and with his queen sent letters of warm congratulation to our laborers, with substantial gifts from himself and royal wife, amounting to some $2,500!

We turn now to cite a few marked examples of the grace of God manifested in connection with missions in Siam.

The first convert was a *Chinese* teacher, *Qua Kieng*, who was baptized in 1844, and after fifteen years of faithful service died in 1859. Three of his children became disciples and one a minister of the Gospel. That year of his death, 1859, saw the *first Siamese convert, Nai Chune*—a curious "apostolic succession." Thirty years before, Gutzlaff had sown the first seed; twelve years before, Dr. House and Rev. Mr. Mattoon had arrived in Bangkok, the mission center; and now the harvest had begun. Nai Chune adorned the Gospel. So anxious was he to be unhindered in serving Christ and souls that he steadily adhered

to medical practice as the means of self-support and refused all offices, however honorable and lucrative.

But though converts have never multiplied in Siam with rapidity, there have been marked examples of the silent, pervasive work of missions and especially of the *Word of God.* For example Dr. Bradley died in 1873. Four years afterward, in 1877, a venerable patriarch of seventy-three years visited for medical advice the Laos Mission at Chieng Mai. He sought help for deafness, and referred to Christ's miracles of healing as one who was familiar with the Bible. He was found to be chief officer of the court in the province of Lakawn. How mistaken we are when we judge the Gospel's power by noisy demonstrations! Twenty years before, in 1857, while visiting Bangkok, this old man had, from Dr. Bradley, received religious books in Siamese. Though the *language* is essentially the same, the Laonese *characters* are so different that, in order to read them, he had to learn Siamese. Then in his mind and heart God's light began to shine, and he came to Chieng Mai for further instruction; he found Christ, and for His sake braved all peril, and to his efforts

we owe the opening of a new mission in his native city, Lakawn.

Similarly, at Petchaburi, Rev. Mr. Dunlap found an old disciple, nigh unto death, who had from that same Dr. Bradley got portions of the Word of God, and who by secret study found a Saviour in Christ and put away his idols. Though taught to pray by the Spirit only, he astonished the missionary by his attainments in prayer and his progress in piety.

Numbers cannot represent results. During the year 1887 the Prime Minister, who had in Ratbari one of his residences, after repeatedly expressing his wish for a mission there, offered a large brick house, free, for mission uses, and promised aid in securing other necessary buildings for medical mission, school, etc.; and a lady in Philadelphia offered the $5,000 necessary to support a physician and clergyman to occupy this new parish of from 50,000 to 75,000 souls.

Siam was not opened by gunpowder or diplomacy, but by missionary influence, and the whole aspect of the nation, and its attitude toward Christianity, are gradually undergoing a change; the preaching, the teaching,

the press, and the medical missions are the four conspicuous agencies which God is now using to bring Siam to Christ. With what results, a single example may give a hint, showing the possibilities of the near future.

When the present king, by a sad accident, some years since, lost his wife, his brother came to the missionaries for a copy of the New Testament, and gave as a reason for the request, that the king had *lost faith in his own religion;* that he could find nothing in Buddhism to console him in his great grief. It might cost the king his crown, or even his life, to renounce the State religion; yet this bereaved monarch flies to the Christian's Bible for the solace that his Pagan creed cannot supply! Siam may be much nearer to becoming a Christian nation than we think!

The additional fact should be put on record that the first zenana teaching ever attempted in the East was by missionary women, in 1851, among the thirty wives and royal sisters of the King of Siam.

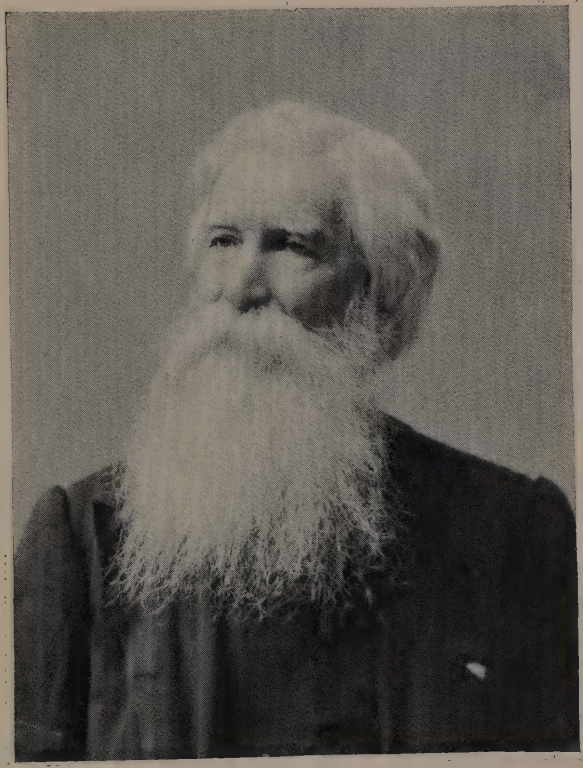
No. V.

AMONG THE WYNDS IN GLASGOW.[1]

LOVE is omnipotent. Wherever passion for souls burns there we may find a new mount of transfiguration, where the earthly takes on the complexion of the heavenly. Let us find an example of the power of such love and holy passion in one of the cities of Scotland.

It is now a little more than forty years ago since a young man of twenty-three undertook work as an agent in the Glasgow City Mission. Even before he was fully accepted as a missionary by the directors of the work, he began his apprenticeship by visits at every house in one of the lowest districts, and by conversing with every person there encountered as to eternal things. The whole salary he was to receive for a year's work was less than two hundred dollars; and the section of the

[1] "Life of John G. Paton," missionary to the New Hebrides. London: Hodder & Stoughton.



John G. Paton.

city appointed to him was especially needy and destitute, and particularly difficult as a field of labor. It had never yet been occupied and was in the worst respect pioneer ground. It has been well said that he who is not ready to preach the Gospel everywhere and anywhere is fit to preach nowhere; and we are more and more persuaded that if every candidate for the office of the ministry were first tried in some such field it would prove a training in its way more profitable than any discipline in the class-room, and would "shake the napkin at the four corners," and disclose whether or not there were in it even "one talent" for winning souls. What a preparation for practical dealing with men and women and children; with people of every variety of temper and temperament, of thought and opinion, of character and life, would such an experience be!

But we anticipate. The young man, who took up that work in that most degraded district in the great Scotch Manchester, was John G. Paton, afterwards the devoted missionary to the New Hebrides, a man whose biography, just issued from the press of Hodder & Stoughton, is unsurpassed for stimulating

and inspiring narrative by any existing story of heroism. Mr. Paton found that many families around the Green street of Calton had *never been visited by any minister;* and there were lapsed church members who, for ten and even twenty years, had never been in a church building, and had not been called on even by a Christian visitor. Of course, in such classes and courts the worst conditions of society were to be found. Drunkenness, infidelity, licentiousness, blasphemy, ran riot; and there was no religion to set up any barrier against them save Romanism in its most ignorant and superstitious form. Sin and vice walked about openly, naked and not ashamed.

Four hours a day were spent in nouse-to-house visits. Little prayer circles, or larger evening meetings, with personal sympathetic contact, were the means mostly used to reach and relieve all this misery of soul and body. A Sabbath evening evangelistic service was very needful; but the only available place for it was a hay-loft, with cow-stalls below and a rickety wooden staircase as an outside approach. After a year's hard work Mr. Paton could show only six or seven non-

church goers whom he had persuaded to come regularly to this rude assembly room, besides about as many more who on a week night met in a humble room of a house of the poor. That very house was a scene of Gospel triumphs. The hardworking Irish-woman who lived there had a husband whom the demon of drink had turned into a monster, and who cruelly beat her and pawned for accursed rum everything of value. Through the influence of these night meetings this man became a total abstainer, abandoned his evil doing, and not only attended Sabbath worship regularly, but urged others both to become abstainers from drink and attendants at worship. This man and this woman became the first real helpers of Mr. Paton in his self-denying work in the wynds of Glasgow.

Still the result of twelve months' work were so small that the directors inclined to abandon Green street as a hopeless and fruitless field and try some other section of the great city. But Mr. Paton's heart had become enlisted, and he, who afterward at hourly risk of life persisted in abiding among the cannibals of Tanna, pleaded for another six months

among Green street heathen. He obtained permission ; and at the next meeting told his little congregation that if he could not induce more non-church-goers to attend he would be sent to work elsewhere. Few as they were, they had already learned to believe in Mr. Paton and to love him, and they remembered that first lesson in arithmetic, "two times one is two ;" and so each one present agreed to come to the next meeting and to bring one more. Of course that simple and easy method at once doubled the attendance. When people learn this practical multiplication table, it is surprising what wonders are wrought. From this time forth no house that could be had in that whole district was big enough for the meeting. A Bible class, singing class, communicants' class, Total Abstinence Society, Mutual Improvement Society, etc., were instituted. Beside the usual services, two prayer meetings were opened for the policemen, one for those who were on day duty, and one for those on night duty. Mr. Paton now found every evening in the week occupied with his work, and every Sabbath brought two public services.

And now the hay-loft had to be abandoned,

for the owner required it, and the poor people were at a loss for any other place of assembly. The hostlers and other servants of a certain coach hirer, Menzies by name, got permission to clear out another unused hay-loft, and at their own cost built an outside stair for approach, to the great relief of the little congregation. Mr. Paton shared the general joy, but felt that, if the work were to prosper, a permanent building of some sort must be had which they could control; and with the help of Thomas Binnie, Esq., secured not only a good site, but a Mission Hall was projected at Mr. Binnie's own expense. Just then a block of buildings being offered for sale, singularly adapted for the purpose, this generous benefactor persuaded Dr. Symington's congregation, in connection with which this mission work was carried on, to buy the whole block; and so, at the crisis of the work, God's providence put at the disposal of Mr. Paton and his mission buildings suitable both for evangelistic and educational work.

Of course the time had now come for reorganizing and enlarging this work. At 7 A. M. on the Lord's day, Mr. Paton held a class for Bible study, where from seventy to

one hundred of the poorest young men and women of the vicinity were gathered. They came in their work clothes, for they had but one suit, all without coverings for their heads and some without shoes for their feet. Mr. Paton remarked with joy how contact with the Gospel brought improvement even in dress and manners. Gradually the attendants began to come in better and more complete attire, fitter for such assemblies; then they were emboldened to "go to church"; and then to bring others with them. Their teacher's joy in his work was ecstatic, but it was not reached by any dainty and delicate steps. At six o'clock every Sunday morning this indefatigable worker might have been seen running from street to street, and from door to door for an hour, drumming up his recruits. He knocked and called, till he roused the careless and the sleepy; and by dint of such perseverance he got together and kept together that early morning Bible class. At a later stage in its history, a band of voluntary visitors from the class itself undertook to relieve him and look after the irregular, indifferent, and tardy members.

On Monday nights this devoted city mis-

sionary held a sort of Bible reading for all who chose to come; on Wednesday evenings a combined Bible lecture and prayer service that half filled the church; and on Thursdays an Intending Communicants' class for the instruction of those who wished to confess Christ and join any one of the Protestant churches in the city. Friday evening brought a singing class for church music, and Saturday, a total abstinence meeting, in which the members themselves conducted the varied exercises. Mr. Paton testifies to the great influence and power of Temperance as the handmaid of the Gospel. He himself being a total abstainer both from liquor and tobacco, he found himself the more able to influence others to forego these injurious indulgences.

Thus this mission, which began with so little promise, became a feeder to all the churches, training active and useful members for neighboring congregations; not only so, but it became a kind of theological seminary in which eight lads got their first lessons in Latin and Greek from Mr. Paton's little stock, and their training for the work of preaching the Gospel and winning souls.

And now this Calton Mission grew rapidly

to unrivaled dimensions. From 500 to 600 were in weekly attendance, exclusively poor wage-workers and very largely mill-workers. The results were wide-spreading and far-reaching. Habits improved, personal appearance and the whole environment; many removed to better localities. But Mr. Paton kept watch and hold upon them until he saw them safely housed in some church. Often his four hours of daily labor which were "nominated in the bond," expanded to double that time. He trained eight or ten devoted young men and twice as many young women as visitors and tract distributors, and twice a month they went on their rounds of visits. At monthly meetings of workers, reports were made and matters of importance brought to notice. Mr. Paton found himself the head of a sort of Bureau of Tract Distribution, Relief, and Employment.

All this work for God and His poor could not be carried on without antagonism. The keepers of the public-houses saw the Total Abstinence Society making fearful inroads on their destructive business, and they were ready for any act of underhanded or open-handed violence. Mr. Paton held, on sum-

mer nights and Saturday afternoons, evangelistic and total abstinence meetings in Thomson's Lane. The top of an outside staircase furnished a ready pulpit, and the audiences were large, though the Gospel had no meretricious charms of art and æsthetics by which to "draw." Complaints were made by these tavern-keepers to the captain of the police that these meetings were hurting their trade. Fortunately the complaint was true, though in another sense from that intended by the complainants. The captain happened to be himself a pious Wesleyan, and he informed Mr. Paton of the complaints and of the attendance of his police force, but bade him go on and conduct the meeting as usual. A large crowd gathered, and among them many of the dram-sellers and their minions, expecting to see the police break up the meeting and humiliate the missionary and his helpers. The police appeared in force, headed by Captain Baker, and the foes of the mission were jubilant in anticipation of a row. But the meeting proceeded in so orderly a fashion that Captain Baker himself surprised both friends and foes by mounting the platform and devoutly listening till the

close. Thus the whiskey ring had to "wait out" the service and hear the Gospel—which was not a frequent experience. And at the end of the service Captain Baker, instead of breaking up the meeting, or prohibiting others like it, spoke warmly in favor of the work and wished it God speed.

So the enraged dram-sellers planned another assault. The next Saturday evening, a spirit-dealer ran his van in front of the iron gate-way of the church which was the only place of egress for the assembled multitude. Two young men were sent by Mr. Paton to drag away the wagon; they were seized and marched off to the police office for "injuring the whiskey-dealer's property"! and when Mr. Paton ran after them to ask their offense, he was threatened also with similar arrest if he did not cease his interference. He went with them to the station. The rumor flew that the missionary and his young men were being "taken up" by the police, and a crowd ran to the rescue; but Mr. Paton begged them to refrain from all disturbance. The lieutenant on duty was manifestly in league with the conspirators, and no justice would have been done but for the interference of

some gentleman who threatened to expose the whole outrage, and the accused parties were suddenly set at liberty.

Romanism and skepticism likewise opposed the work; and Mr. Paton at first tried to offset their influence by lectures with free discussion at the close, but he became satisfied that he was only advertising the devil's wares, and he abandoned all defensive methods for the simple preaching of the Gospel.

We cannot close this remarkable chapter of city missions without an example or two of the wondrous power of the Gospel in these wynds. An infidel lecturer in that district was very sick, and Mr. Paton was called to see him. He found him in the midst of a library of infidel publications which he eagerly circulated to poison the minds of the unwary. Whatever little he knew of the Word of God was only sufficient to feather the arrows of his ridicule. But now he felt himself taking that awful "leap into the dark," and his mind was full of terror at the "unknown." Mr. Paton's visits were so blessed even to that hardened sinner, that another wonder, like that of Ephesus, occurred. With cries

and tears for pardon and peace, he became a penitent believer and called in all the infidel works he had set in circulation, piled them together after his wife and daughter had torn them in pieces, and he himself struck the light that turned the pile to ashes.[1] That man was so completely transformed by that simple Gospel message that he not only abandoned his infidelity and ceased to be a panderer and procurer for the devil, but till the close of life continued to witness to souls, and thereby to win souls.

The district where Mr. Paton labored was so degraded and depraved that he not unfrequently came upon those who seemed to be possessed of a demon. He met an infidel whose blasphemies made even his vile neighbors shudder; and who even as death approached would not hear a word of Gospel comfort, but foamed with rage and even spat at Mr. Paton when he mentioned the name of Jesus. His hatred to God seemed to drive him mad. He yelled like a demoniac, and tore to pieces his very bedclothes, till he had to be bound to his iron bed, still foaming out

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[1] Compare Acts xix : 17–20.

curses and blasphemies. When the humble missionary asked if he might pray for him, he shouted with all his remaining strength, "Pray for me to the DEVIL!" And when Mr. Paton reminded him that he had declared that he did not believe in either God or devil, he shouted again in terrific rage, "Yes, I do believe in a devil and a God, and a just God, too; but I have hated Him in life and I hate Him in death!"

Yet, even into such a "mouth of hell" went this fearless young missionary, even there to rescue souls; and he *did it!* He was called to see a doctor who was both an unbeliever and a drunkard. In his attacks of *delirium tremens* he had tried one and another method of suicide. At one time the watchers barely succeeded in dashing from his lips, after a fierce struggle, a fatal draught of prussic acid; again they caught a glimpse of a shining lancet hid in the folds of his shirt, with which he would have bled himself to death. In one of these fits of suicidal madness Mr. Paton, at his request, took a seat beside him, alone, he having first promised that he would do anything the missionary would ask, if every one else might be put out of the

room. After a long conversation Mr. Paton took down a dusty Bible that had long lain neglected in the closet, and, after reading, said :

"Now, shall we pray ?"

"Yes," said the doctor; and, kneeling beside him, the missionary whispered:

"You pray first."

"I curse. I cannot pray; would you have me curse God to his face ?"

"You promised to do all that I asked. You must pray or try to pray, and let me, at least hear that you cannot."

"I cannot curse God on my knees; let me stand, and I will curse him; I cannot pray."

Mr. Paton gently but firmly held him on his knees, saying:

"Just try to pray, and let me hear that you cannot."

Instantly he cried out :

"O Lord, thou knowest I cannot pray," and strove to rise up as though Satan were struggling within him to turn that beginning of prayer into a curse. But the noble winner of souls took up that unfinished prayer and continued it as though it were his own, till the old blasphemer was subdued and

quiet at the feet of the Master. Then, inducing him to lie down and sitting beside him till he fell asleep, Mr. Paton commended him to the care of the Lord, and slipped away to other duties. Returning later in the day, the poor victim of delirium was found in his right mind; nay, running to meet the missionary, he hugged him in his arms, crying: "Thank God, I can pray now! I rose refreshed from sleep, and for the first time in my life prayed with my wife and children; and now I shall do so every day and serve God while I live, who hath dealt in so great mercy with me!" And so he did, joining Dr. Symington's church, and giving his medical skill to a holy ministry to God's destitute little ones, as anxious for their souls as their bodies, until he, who once could not pray, but only curse, fell sweetly asleep in Jesus, to wake where there is "no more curse."

What wonder that even anonymous letters, threatening his life, and the public curses from the altar by Romish priests, and the advice of directors of the mission, could not induce this brave city missionary to leave a work attended by such supernatural power of God. For ten years he struggled patiently

on, though he was at one time felled to the ground by a stone hurled at him by a malignant Papist, and marvelously escaped assault after assault upon his life. While we sit quietly at home in our easy chairs, or go about making rousing addresses, or write with burning pens on city evangelization or the estrangement of the masses from the church, here is one man who dives into the depths of all this depravity and degradation, and demonstrates what love and the Gospel can do to rescue drowning souls!

INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.

No. VI.

THE SYRIAN MARTYR.

YRIA presents another of the unmistakable signs of the supernatural power at work in the great field of missions.

Asaad Shidiak was the secretary of the Maronite Patriarch. When the lamented and beloved Pliny Fisk, after kissing the lips of the dying Levi Parsons, in Alexandria, himself returned to Jerusalem to follow his friend, within two years, he wrote, in his last hours, a farewell letter to Dr. Jonas King, and while Messrs. Bird and Goodell sat by his pillow and listened for his dying words, he passed away, mourned even by weeping Arabs. About this time, sixty-six years ago (1825), there was a remarkable state of religious inquiry. There was moving in Syria the same Power that moved there at the first Pentecost in Jerusalem, and afterward in Cesarea and Antioch. Men were pricked in

their hearts and came to the missionaries to learn the truth, being convinced of the shallowness and emptiness of their own religious systems. At the same time rose the persecuting spirit, which for more than a quarter of a century interfered with missionary work in Syria. The Sultan issued his firman to all the pachas of Western Asia prohibiting the circulation of the Word of God, and the Maronite converts had to face death like the martyrs of the first centuries.

Asaad Shidiak, the secretary of the Maronite Patriarch, and afterward the tutor of Jonas King, was employed to copy Mr. King's farewell letter from Pliny Fisk. And he attempted to answer it. As he reached the last page of his reply, like a flash of lightning the truth struck him. He saw that he was arguing against his own reason and conscience and opposing the higher teaching of the divine Spirit. He was intellectually honest, and, seeing himself in error, was candid enough to acknowledge it and surrender himself to his convictions. The heart makes the theology, and his heart gave up the rebellious attitude which had led him to depart from the living God. He dared to say

that he saw himself in error and openly forsook it. The Patriarch tried persuasion. He wrote him patriarchal epistles, and sent him enticing, and then mandatory messages ; he promised him official promotion, he sought to bribe his conscience to compromise with his convictions ; then he threatened him with excommunication and all the terrors of the Church's indignation. But it was all in vain.

He sought to win and to warn him by personal interviews, but ineffectually. Then Asaad Shidiak's marriage contract was annulled, but even against the beguilements of woman's love, the convert proved heroically steadfast. Twenty of his relatives conspire against him, and by force deliver him into the Patriarch's hands, and by the Patriarch he is cast into prison. He is confined to a cell, loaded with chains, and tortured daily with cruel scourgings. The people are allowed to visit him, to revile and mock him, and to spit in his face as they had done with his Master before him. His own kindred joined in this cruel persecution, and not only would not interpose to secure his release, but opposed it.

Once they led Asaad Shidiak out of his

dungeon and placed before him an image of the Virgin to be kissed by him in token of homage and recantation of error. The alternative was a vessel of burning coals. He chose the burning coals, pressed them to his lips, and with a scorched and blackened mouth returned to his cell. At length they built up entirely around him a wall, leaving but a small aperture through which he could get breath, and through which they could pass him enough food to keep him alive, and so prolong the sufferings of the starving man. His body wasted and became a skeleton, but his mind was invincible. His heroic spirit defied them to break the cord of love that bound him to his Lord. They killed the body, but after that had no more that they could do; and before that body gave up the ghost, Asaad Shidiak, the Maronite martyr, had proved to them that they could not subdue the spirit of one whom the Lord had led into the clear light of His own truth and the fellowship of His dear Son. Syria had once more sealed with the martyr's blood the testimony of Jesus!

No. VII.

MISSION TO THE HALF MILLION OF BLIND IN CHINA.[1]

ONE of those marvelous adaptations of history which so signally evince and evidence a divine plan, and which has recently appeared in the Celestial Empire.

William H. Murray was born at Port Dundas, near Glasgow, and, as the only son in a family of ten children, would naturally have entered the saw-mill of his humble father but for the loss of his left arm by accidental contact with the machinery when only about nine years old. This occurrence, which determined his future as outside the saw-mill, was the beginning of a series of providential events which have made him the most conspicuous benefactor of China's blind people

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[1] "Work for the Blind in China." C. F. Gordon Cumming. Gilbert & Rivington, London, England.

that has ever appeared in that vast empire. With but one arm, he could not labor physically to much purpose; but, though he lacked brawn, he had brain, and he could study. He improved his mind, and before long was employed in the rural districts near Glasgow as a letter-carrier. His conscience was not asleep, and remonstrated against the Sunday work which this occupation required. To avoid compromise with his moral sense, and at the same time retain his position, he surrendered two shillings out of each week's wages. His self-sacrifice was not only blest to himself, but sowed the seeds of that extensive reform now in progress to secure for Government employés in the postal service a Sabbath respite from work.

Brain and conscience thus being busy, young Murray found his heart awaking to a new longing to be of service. He felt within him a consciousness of a call to some mission among men, he knew not what. He applied to the National Bible Society of Scotland for work as a colporteur. The secretary felt drawn to the modest but persistent lad, but hesitated to have him give up a good position in Government service for a venture which

JIM SUI, TAUIST PRIEST, NOW PREACHER.

might prove a failure. But William Murray "prayed himself" into the work of the society. His long daily walk he divided into three parts: a third of the way he studied the Scriptures in the original Hebrew; another third of his monotonous tramp he gave to New Testament Greek; and the last part of his walk was emphatically a walk with God, consecrated to daily prayer that he might be fitted for some sphere of personal, direct missionary service. He longed to be promoted from a royal mail-carrier to a messenger of good-tidings to the King of Kings. In 1864, now almost a quarter of a century ago, he was accepted as a colporteur of the Bible Society and began work on the Clyde, among the sailors and seamen. Here was a new link in the chain which connected the saw-mill in Scotland with this great work of opening the inner eyes of the blind in China.

The Bible Society soon found that "it never had had such another colporteur" as the quiet young man who, without any great mental endowments, graces of person, or gifts of speech, was drawing to himself the men that go down to the sea in ships to do business in great waters, and was rapidly picking

up such phrases in various foreign tongues as enabled him to effect more sales of Bibles among sailors of all nations than any of his predecessors had done. The colporteur was evidently a divinely called man.

As this work occupied him only in winter months, he was free in the summer season to push his Bible cart along the rough roads of the Scotch Highlands. One-armed as he was, he had two legs and a brave heart, and so he patiently carried on his work, getting inured to hardness as became a good soldier of Jesus Christ. How many a mighty workman and winner of souls has been trained like Milne and Morrison and Carey and Oncken and Livingstone and McAuley and Johnson and Marshman and Buchanan and Clough, in a very strange school.

And now comes another link in this providential chain. William Murray's unusual aptitude for languages attracted the notice of some of the directors of the Bible Society, and arrangements were made for him to attend morning classes at the old college in High street. A friend helped to pay the necessary fees, and Murray managed his studies so that they did not impinge upon

other duties. He rose at 3 A. M. and studied till 8, then attended his classes till 10, then stood in the streets beside his Bible cart till evening, when, after a frugal meal, he studied again till bedtime.

Seven years of apprenticeship were accomplished, and in 1871 he was free to carry out his heart's desire. He sailed for China, where he was to spend half a year at Chefoo, trying to learn to distinguish at sight the 4,000 intricate, complicate characters by which the Chinese language is represented on paper. It has been quaintly said that he who would master the Chinese tongue needs a head of oak, a constitution of iron, lungs of brass, nerves of steel, the patience of Job, and the lifetime of Methuselah. But Mr. Murray was not to be easily discouraged. He had tackled Greek and Hebrew characters, and he was not dismayed at the still more elaborate mysteries of Chinese words. He applied himself diligently, and in four months he acquired about 2,000 characters. The Bible colporteur started on his work. He devised a mule litter to carry his books, and over mountain roads, facing cold winds, he made his first journey, 250 miles, into the interior of Shangtu province.

Sixteen years of untiring work as a colporteur passed away, during which this one-armed man undertook journeys even into Mongolia and Manchuria, fording rivers, daring perils, enduring hardship, feeding on wretched fare, sleeping in rude sheds, or perhaps favored with more palatial accommodations in the shape of the *coffin* which dutiful sons had with filial tenderness provided for their father in anticipation of his need, and which the generous host put at disposal of the traveler. Mr. Murray sometimes found himself in the midst of a riotous rabble, but again surrounded by those who clamored for the foreign "Classic of Jesus," and on one occasion he found at evening that his sales had reached 3,000 copies; then the people begged him to remain among them, and he did so for half a year. During his sixteen years in China he has sold over 100,000 books, containing wholly or in part the Scriptures in the tongues of China and Tartary. These Bibles have found their way into humble huts of poverty, and even into the imperial palace; have been borne to great distances by merchants and scholars who have bought them at fairs and public gatherings, and so this

modest man has been permeating this vast empire with the Light of God.

But now we come to another link in this strange story of a useful life. Mr. Murray saw in the thronged streets hundreds of blind men, sometimes in groups or gangs of eight or ten, each one guided by another blind man in front, and the foremost guiding himself and all the others with a long stick—"the blind leading the blind." On one occasion a company of 600 blind beggars was seen waiting for a free distribution of rice! It is thought that there are half a million of blind in China, and that this very unusual proportion of blind people is traceable to smallpox, leprosy, neglected ophthalmia, uncleanly habits, and the dense smoke created in their dwellings by the dried grass with which their ovens are heated. For generations these sights have been seen in the Celestial Empire—blind beggars, hungry and unclad, beating gongs, singing songs, yelling in chorus, squeaking with flutes, or otherwise torturing the defenseless ears of bystanders until "cash" was given them simply to induce them to move on and torture somebody else.

These blind legions of China awaken a sort

of pity and even reverence by their very infirmity and misery, and are addressed by title of "Teacher"—Hsien Shêng—but the most of the adult blind are so hopelessly vile that Mr. Murray himself has never ventured into their night refuge in Peking, but seeks to isolate and educate the blind lads, beginning with them when but seven years old.

But we are anticipating. His soul was strangely drawn out in behalf of these thousands of blind children. His appeals to others in their behalf were met by the usual response, that the work already on their hands was too great to be done with the few helpers and slender means at their command. And so his only way was once more to "walk with God" in prayer for guidance and help. The Bible colporteur must himself undertake to help these sightless crowds.

Here we touch another link. Mr. Murray, before he left Scotland, had mastered Professor Melville Bell's "System of Visible Speech for the Deaf," and had found it so great a help in his Chinese studies that he had prepared a pamphlet upon it for use of foreign students. The thought flashed on his mind that this system might be modified so as to

become eyes to the blind as well as ears to the deaf. He saw that the fingers of the blind must take the place of eyes, and that the first step was to reduce the *sounds* of the language to symbolic *forms*. These he made in clay and baked; and from these the blind were first taught to read. But two difficulties presented themselves: first, the system lacked simplicity, and, secondly, as the Chinese adore their written characters, they might worship these clay symbols.

While in Glasgow Mr. Murray had also studied Moon's "System of Embossed Alphabetic Symbols" and Braille's "Embossed Dots." Perhaps these might be adapted to the perplexing "tones" which make it possible for one word to mean a dozen different and absurdly contradictory things. How to bring all these linguistic mysteries within the *touch* of the blind was the problem over which William Murray thought by day and dreamed by night. One day, weary with work, he lay down for a noon nap, when, while yet awake though with closed eyes, he saw outspread before him the whole system he has since put in available form for use, and perceived that it would enable the blind to read accurately

and in a short time the Word of God. He believes that vision to have been a revelation to him from above. He made no attempt at an alphabetic system, but employed numerals. He found that, instead of the ordinary 4,000 characters, a little over *one-tenth* of that number would suffice to represent the sounds of the language, viz., 408 distinct syllables. Instead of figures he uses mnemonic letters, and ingeniously contrives that not more than three syllables shall be used to represent the longest word, corresponding to units, tens, and hundreds. He found Braille's system to be more helpful than Moon's, as being fitted both for writing and musical notation.

So practicable has this method proved that a thorough acquaintance with both reading and writing may be acquired by a blind boy of average faculty in from six weeks to two months, whereas six years of study would be required for seeing eyes to recognize the 4,000 distinct characters of the ordinary written language.

For eight long years Mr. Murray worked to perfect the system which he saw in theory in that day-vision, and it must be remembered that he could devote only odd hours

not already taken up with his Bible work. His first practical test was upon "Wang," a rheumatic blind cripple, who soon learned to read for himself the blessed Word. Then a poor blind patient, who had been severely kicked by a mule, relieved the hours of suffering by studying the Murray system, and within two months even his callous fingers could *feel* the precious truth of God. Then a poor blind lad, left on a dunghill to die, after three months nursing was restored to health, and learned to read and write. Next a blind beggar boy, an orphan taken in out of a winter's cold, within six weeks read more accurately and fluently without eyes, than many do with eyes in a score of years.

Miss Constance F. Gordon Cumming, to whose golden pen missionary literature owes so much, visiting Peking, was astonished as she stood at the door of a dark room to hear the Scriptures read by the touch by men who, not four months before, begged in the streets, half naked and half starved. And the marvel is that this Bible colporteur, this consecrated workingman, has been doing this work alone, from his slender income boarding, lodging, and clothing his poor blind

pupils! He seemed to hear the Master say once more, "Give ye them to eat," and so he brought his barley loaves to Him to be blessed and multiplied, and they have strangely sufficed for others' wants as well as his own. One boy of twelve, left in his charge by an elder brother, and then left on his hands, though blind, not only rapidly learned to read and write, but became his main dependence in stereotyping and all other work, and developed such musical ability as to become the organist in the chapel of the London Mission.

The rumor of this wonderful school for blind pupils has spread far and wide, and some have come 300 miles to study the system. One pupil developed singular fitness for the ministry and was sent to Tien-Tsin as a candidate for the work. Another has undertaken to stereotype an embossed Gospel according to Matthew, in the classical Mandarin dialect of scholars throughout the empire. The work is but at its beginning, for there must be at least eight different versions reduced to the dot system before the blind of the different provinces can find the system available to represent the various

colloquial dialects. The ingenuity of Mr. Murray reminds us of Bezaleel and Aholiab, whom God by His Spirit endowed for the mechanical work of the tabernacle. He has so simplified stereotyping in connection with his method of instruction that a Chinese lad will produce in a day more than three times as many pages as an ordinary London workman by the common method. Thus God is using the special sensitiveness of the fingers of the blind and their proverbial aptitude for music, to raise up blind readers of the Word and blind singers and players on instruments, who may make Music the handmaid of Evangelism. The system, as we have said, is singularly adapted to represent, not only the sounds used in speech, but in music too. The Peking pupils write out musical scores from dictation with such rapidity that an ordinary "Gospel song" will be produced in a quarter of an hour. By means of embossed symbols pasted to the keys they also learn to play the piano and organ. The written score being read with one hand and the music played with the other, the student soon learns both to sing and play by note. Then these Christian songs are made a means of attracting an

audience, to whom one of the blind students then addresses his exhortation, and whom he recommends to buy and study the Bible for themselves. And so a blind boy will often sell more books in a day than the authorized agent of the Bible Society.

Here we reach another link in this chain of providential purpose. We see why Mr. Murray was sent to China as a Bible colporteur. His bookselling and street preaching bring him and keep him on familiar and friendly terms with the natives and prevent his being thought a mere magician or conjurer who by some weird power turns fingers into eyes. Moreover, the superstitious respect felt for written characters and all who can read them, together with the reverence and pity toward the blind, seem to open a new and wonderful avenue of usefulness to these blind Scripture readers and singing evangelists. Mr. Murray ought to be enabled to devote at least half his time to this work of instructing the blind, and abundant means ought to be given him to multiply his schools in every part of the empire. This new development in China suggests a key that may open the doors to 150,000,000 secluded *Chinese women.* A blind

woman taught to read the scriptures may find her way to homes from which all missionaries are practically excluded. As yet popular prejudice has prevented Mr. Murray from teaching but one blind *woman*, who in a few months mastered reading, writing, and musical notation.

Mr. Murray, having often known genuine converts who had found salvation solely through reading the Word, and who sought of him Christian baptism, has been granted ordination and so returned from his visit to Scotland in 1887 empowered to do the whole work of a Christian minister, and will devote his time to the preparation of books for the use of the blind and instructing those to whom God has denied the gift of sight. Who can forsee to what extent the Providence that raised up this man for this unique work may be pleased to use him for the evangelization of the hundreds of millions in China, transforming blind beggars into Scripture readers and teachers of others blind also, so that it shall be true in a new sense that the *blind lead the blind*, but not into the ditch. The words of Isaiah shall be fulfilled: "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will

lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them and crooked things straight." Isaiah xii: 16.

For the sake alike of completeness to this paper and for the information of those who are specially interested, we append a brief *résumé* of Murray's "System for Teaching the Blind of China."

He says:

The plan that would most naturally commend itself to one wishing to teach the blind, would be to adopt phonetic spelling. I found, however, that "numeral" spelling was greatly to be preferred.

Chinese, as a spoken language, may be reduced to 408 syllables. Now I take a representative written hieroglyphic of each of these 408 syllables, and for my own convenience place them in alphabetic order in a horizontal line. The Chinese know nothing of alphabetics.

Then in a line running parallel above that line of representative sounds, I write its equivalent in numerals; but instead of figures I use mnemonic letters, vis., T or D represents 1, N stands for 2, M is 3, R is 4, L stands for 5, Sh is 6, K is 7, F or V means 8, P or B is 9, and S stands for 0.

Then, as the Chinese have no alphabet, I choose simply syllables, as Ti for simple T or D, Ni or No for Q, etc. Therefore the two lines run thus:

Ti Ni Mi Rhi Li :—mnemonics.
Gna Gnai Gnan Gnang Gnao:—Chinese.
Shih Kei Fei Pei Tze :—mnemonics.
Cha C'ha Chai C'hai Chan :—Chinese.

EXPLANATION.

These are the first ten mnemonic words. Chinese equivalents that stand for the numbers, and written in a large character, begin the sentence, which, according to the custom of ordinary Chinese books, is written perpendicularly, and is read from top to bottom.

The underline represents ten of the 408 Chinese syllables, and these, also in a larger character than the intermediary ones, are at the bottom, and finish the sentence. Thus: Ti, shih, shuan, tsai, t'ien, shang, che, hua, shih, nan, hsin, GNA.

There are thus 408 simple sentences, and the pupil is required to commit these to memory, and thenceforth, to write the one, and read it as the other. This he does like a chain of events, and in a very short time, at a rate of about twenty sentences in a day. This is, in fact, his spelling lesson. I know that this description must appear complicated,

but in daily practice it is found to be quite the reverse.

The superiority of this method over "spelling" is immense. As an example of its advantage I would instance the Chinese word "C'huang Q"—a bed. It would require *eight* letters to spell this word, but by this plan I only need *three*, *i. e.*, units, tens, and hundreds. There are no spaces or contractions to be a burden to the memory.

Then we only require ten numerals for our "alphabet." But I saw the advantage of employing the other letters thus: namely, using the deep letters, as K, L, M, N, in four sets of four to stand in the first space to represent the hundreds, and by that means they would answer a double purpose, namely, indicate also to which of the four "tones" the word belongs, each having a choice of four letters for each of the 408 sounds.

Let the sound and the number of its tone be indicated along with its aspirate, which is thus—C'huang Q, and be understood to be the hundredth in the order of the syllabary; and as regards the four "tones" to belong in that sense (*i.e.*, *a bed*) to the second. The letters K, L, M, N equal 100, and in that order indicate the 1st, 2d, 3d, or 4th tone. Then LOO equals C'huang Q. A person

acquainted with the Braille alphabet will perceive that as only three letters are thus required, the L takes top, middle, and lowest points, while the first line of Braille which supplies tens and units has only top and middle points, and consequently the word has always one deep letter and two hollow, making a wedge-like form ; hence there is no need to separate the words in writing, and thus all space between words is saved, which of itself is no small gain, and at the same time greatly simplifies the fingering to the reader.

When time, material, expense, storage, and porterage are considered, it will be seen how important are all these points which tend to reduce the inevitable bulk of books for the blind. The fact of each word being represented by three letters, and having thus a definite length and somewhat triangular form, is a great advantage in stereotyping.

It occurred to me that I could simplify the process of stereotyping ; so instead of holding the punch in one hand, and having only the tip of the little finger to guide, while the other hand holds the mallet, I designed a table with a lever at one side, and a mallet to work by a treadle—the mallet always to strike the center of the table, and squared off the plain over which the block would have

to describe. The treadle is of course worked by foot, and with side woods, the width of two words, and woods the width of a double line, which exactly correspond in size with the latter; for the guide in shifting the block upward in the plain of the fixed mallet, as the other, the side woods keep the position sideways; the stereotyper moves these as he finishes two words at a time, the top piece, at the finishing of the double line, is taken from the top, and pushing up the block, he puts that wood at the next foot, and then the block is in proper position for striking the next, and is firm and fast in its position.

Thus the right hand, which would otherwise have had to hold the mallet, is left free to handle the manuscript, and to relieve the tip of the little finger and take to guiding. Now, with us the process is so simplified that the operator can pell-mell with great speed and pleasure.

The advantage will appear best in the result, when I tell you that the boy can do with ease in one day what would take three men and one-third in England to do in the same time. So what a sighted man would take twelve months to do, my blind boy will do in three months, and the quality of the work is struck more perfectly.

A. Judson

"THE APOSTLE OF BURMA."

No. VIII.

THE "WILD MEN" OF BURMAH.

HEN the missionaries first landed in Burmah they were not even aware of the existence of the Karens or Karians or *wild men*, a rude race inhabiting also Siam and parts of China, dwelling in jungles and mountainous districts, and numbering from 35,000 to 40,000. They reckon themselves by families; and, though a family may number hundreds of souls, it has but one house. Their government is primitive and patriarchal. They wear but little clothing, generally a long sleeveless shirt of coarse cotton. It is now sixty-three years ago since these obscure people were discovered by the Baptist missionaries. They were found to be oppressed and virtually enslaved by the Burmans.

While their Burman oppressors turned proudly away from the cross, and clung the closer and the more resolutely to the follies

and absurdities of their atheistic idolatry, these humble people emerged from their obscure hiding places and not only heard the simple message of the Gospel with a strange gladness, but bore the tidings from village to village till hundreds had been baptised and added to the church of God. Wherever the missionaries went the good news had preceded them, and in even the most remote, retired, and untraveled quarters they found some who, like Simeon, were waiting for more light and prepared for its reception. Side by side with preaching went the mission schools. By lessons in language and science, as well as in the faith of Christ, these devoted men and women sought to lead the young from the vanities, idolatries, and superstitions of their ancestors, and displace the doctrines of Gautama by the teachings of Jesus. The printing-press was also brought into requisition. Within ten years after the mission was begun fonts of type were prepared in each of the Karen dialects, and thousands of copies of books, tracts, and portions of the Scriptures were published. The natives speaking the several languages soon learned to print them and became valuable helpers both in pro-

ducing and distributing the issues of the press.

It may be worth while to trace at least the grand outlines of this wonderful history of modern Gospel triumphs. When, in 1828, Mr. Boardman removed from Maulmain to Tavoy there lived in his family a middle-aged man who had been a slave till the missionaries themselves purchased his freedom. Already a convert to Christianity, soon after their arrival in this stronghold of Gautama, with its two hundred Buddhist priests, this poor Karen was baptized. His name was Kho-Thah-byu He was the first Karen convert; his turning to Christ was the turning point in the history of the degraded race to which he belonged, and the work begun in his transformation was the auspicious forerunner and foretaste of a success which has in all Christian history scarce any superior or even equal as a demonstration of divine power. These *wild men*, upon whom even the Burmans looked down with haughty contempt as servile inferiors, weaker in body and mind than their oppressors, the victims of intemperance and disgusting vices, were cruelly trodden under foot and virtually enslaved by the Bur-

mans, who forced them to till the land, pay exorbitant taxes, and do all kinds of slave labor. To escape their persecutors they became half-nomads, wandering into remote and inaccessible regions that they might not be kidnapped and reduced to bondage. Though they had some crude belief in deity, and a future state with its rewards, they had neither a definite religious faith and form of religion nor priesthood. Yet these were the people whose unbounded enthusiasm in receiving the Gospel has proven that none are so low that the good news may not at once reach to their deep degradation and accomplish their moral uplifting and utter transformation. Soon after Mr. Boardman settled at Tavoy, Kho-Thah-byu brought to him several Karens of the city. This first convert not only evinced a true and deep interest in Christ, but a passion for other souls that proved how the degraded Pagan may not only be converted, but take up with avdity and constancy the work of winning souls.

At one of the Karen villages, twelve years before, a traveling Mussulman had left a mysterious book, which he told the Karens was sacred and entitled to divine honors. The

superstitious party who had charge of it knew nothing of its contents, but wrapped it in muslin and encased it in basket-work of reeds covered with pitch, like the Nile cradle of Moses. The mysterious book became a *deified object* and religiously venerated. The keeper himself became a kind of high priest and sacristan combined, and it was vaguely believed that a treasure had been sent them from above which some future messenger would claim and explain. When Mr. Boardman came to the village, he was visited by the guardian of the holy book to ask concerning its character. He could give no opinion till he should examine the book. So the keeper of it returned to his own village and came back after several days bearing the revered book and followed by a numerous train of interested people, all eager to know Mr. Boardman's verdict concerning this unknown volume. The wrappings were removed, and an old, torn, worn-out copy of "The Book of Common Prayer and Psalms" was revealed. It was an Oxford edition in English. Mr. Boardman, like Paul at Athens, told the people they were, in their way, very religious, but their devotion was misplaced. They had

been ignorantly worshiping an unknown God, and he took opportunity now to declare to them the message of the true God. "That book," said he, "is a good book, and teaches of the true God in heaven." The docility of the people was amazing. These Karens seemed to feel the sin of having given to a mere book the homage due only to God, and during the two days of Mr. Boardman's stay received with deep interest his instructions. The aged keeper of the book saw that his office and dignity were at an end and laid aside his sorcerer's fantastical dress and wand which had been for twelve years the sign and scepter of his authority and influence.

In 1831, Mr. Boardman yielded to solicitation and began to visit the Karen villages, accompanied by the devoted Kho-Thah-byu. First of all they went to the village of Tshick-Koo, the repository of the "sacred volume." The journey was through a country where the very hills and mountains were monuments of idolatry—every height was crowned with a pagoda.

Three days' journey brought him to Tshick-Koo, where he not only found a cordial wel-

come, but a *zayat* had been built in anticipation of his coming, and it was large enough to accommodate the whole population of the small village. There at once he preached, Kho-Thah-byu being his interpreter to such as were ignorant of Burman. Not only was he heard gladly, but some stayed all night at the zayat to hear him and the next day crowded about him with presents, and at the end of the second day *five came forward to receive baptism*, one of them the old sorcerer himself. Wherever he went he was received with great hospitality and frequently found candidates for baptism who had first heard of Christ from the lips of Kho-Thah-byu. This itinerant experience of ten days determined him to form a grand plan of comprehensive missionary operations, embracing preaching tours among the villages and the establishment of Christian schools.

In 1829, the famous Tavoy rebellion scattered the little band of Karen disciples, broke up the schools, and destroyed the mission premises; but when Mr. Boardman returned, the fugitives came back from the jungles and new power attended the preaching of the word. There were those verging upon old

age who traveled fifty miles by hard and perilous paths to apply for baptism. Kho-Thah-byu went often over the mountains to bear the Gospel message, and from these distant homes, some of them on the borders of Siam, there came to the missionaries Karen inquirers who had been first reached by these disciples, who, scattered abroad, went preaching the word. On one occasion Kho-Thah-byu brought back forty of his countrymen.

Mr. Boardman's health gave way and he saw that his end was near. These simple Karens in the villages roundabout, fearing that he would not be able to visit them as he had promised, came to Tavoy and bore him on a cot upon their shoulders to the zayat they had built for his use on the banks of a beautiful stream, where the sloping mountain-sides were lined with Karen villages. There he found about fifty candidates for baptism. With the aid of Rev. Mr. Mason and native disciples the dying missionary examined the candidates, and at the sunset hour his cot was placed by the riverside and the first Christian baptism ever known in that district was celebrated in that mountain stream by Mr. Mason. This was Mr. Board-

man's "closing scene"—fit close to the labors of a devoted missionary. They attempted to bear him back to Tavoy, but he died on the way, and his tomb is in the midst of what was once a Buddhist grove and beneath the shadow of a ruined pagoda. Its simple marble slab bears an epitaph which reminds us of Christopher Wren's memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral, "If you seek his monument look around you."

The next prominent stage in this wonderful work among the Karens was the gathering of these scattered converts from the villages into a community by themselves, in order that they might be provided with schools and other means of religious culture and growth, quite impracticable in their scattered condition. This docile people accepted Mr. Mason's proposal, and about the year 1833 actually abandoned their homes, and a site was chosen for a new Christian town. It was the site of a former settlement known as "the ancient city," but only tradition of its former condition survived. The new settlement was called *Matah*, city of love, almost the Karen equivalent for Philadelphia. Fifteen years wrought there marvelous transformations;

there might be found, forty years ago, a flourishing church, Christian schools, and a happy, harmonious people, their nomadic habits having given way to a settled life of trade, industry, and agriculture. Heathen vices had already been displaced by neatness, cleanliness, decency, and order. They began to support not only their own families but their own schools and the institutions of the Gospel. The history of the wonderful changes wrought by the Gospel among the *wild men* of Burmah we cannot trace further. Both in manners and morals, in manhood and household life, the Karen became unrecognizable after the Gospel had touched his mind and heart.

When Mr. Mason, in 1832, visited the fields of the beloved Boardman's labor, he came to the villages under the jurisdiction of *Moung So*, the chief, who early sought the missionaries at Tavoy, and he beheld with astonishment the changes already wrought. Hear his own words: "I no longer date from a heathen land. Heathenism has fled these banks. I eat the rice and potatoes and fruit cultivated by Christian hands, look on the fields of Christians, and see no dwellings but

those of Christian families. I am seated in the midst of a Christian village, surrounded by a people that love, talk, act, and in my eyes look like Christians! And this was nearly sixty years ago.

At Dong-Yahn the lamented Eleanor Macomber, in December, 1836, found the poor Karens slaves of drunkenness and all the most loathsome vices of heathenism. With the aid only of two or three natives she maintained at her own dwelling daily prayer and Sabbath worship and opened a small school. Before the close of the first season twelve Karens, rescued out of their low and degraded Paganism, were baptized and formed into a church of Christ. By September of 1837 native preachers were in charge of the church and schools, and Dong-Yahn was the seat of a flourishing Christian community, from which over a wide district crowded with Karens the light and life of the Gospel were extending. Her influence on the women and girls was such that scarce a home in the numerous villages of the jungle had not felt the power of her Christian womanhood to uplift and transform female character; and when, in 1840, after less than four years of labor, she was

called to her reward, the wilderness had already begun to bloom like Eden and the desert like the garden of the Lord. Persecution broke out, and the poor victims fled in every direction, but they held fast their faith, and like primitive disciples preached it when scattered abroad.

Among the most fascinating stories of missions is this triumph of the Christian faith in the wilderness of Burmah. It was propagated by Karens, who themselves had only just heard it and had scarcely learned to read the Gospels—men "persecuted and despised by cruel priests and superstitious despots"—yet that Gospel took possession of hundreds of Karen hearts and homes and lifted a whole people to a new plane of domestic and social life, and started them on a new career! What hath God wrought?

But the work thus begun has grown with a rapidity seldom paralleled. In 1878, the fiftieth anniversary of the conversion of Kho Thah-byu was kept by jubilee gatherings and the consecration of the Memorial Hall that bears his name. The Karens themselves built it for school and other mission purposes at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars. It represen-

ted twenty thousand then living disciples, converted from demon worship, maintaining their own churches and schools, besides twenty thousand more who, in the faith of Jesus, have died and gone to be with Him in glory.

At the dedication of this Hall four veteran native Karen pastors and hundreds of others were present. The hall measured 134 feet on its south front, 131 on the east, and 104 on the west. It has a splendid audience-room 66 by 38 feet, and has a fine gallery. Along the east side is carved in Karen, "Behold the Lamb of God," etc., and on the west side, "These words . . . thou shalt teach diligently unto thy children." What a work may this hall see done in fifty years to come!

He who would realize what the Gospel has done for the Karen slaves must go and stand on that "Gospel Hill" and see Kho-Thah-byu Memorial Hall confronting Shway-Mote-Tau Pagoda on an opposing hill, with its shrines and fanes. Here is the double monument of what the Karens *were* and *are*. Burmah has not only taken her stand among the *givers*, but in 1880 ranked third in the list of donors to the Baptist Missionary Union, only Massa-

chusetts and New York outranking her! Burmah gave $31,616.14! and of this amount the *Karen churches gave over* $30,000! Fifty years ago in idolatry, now an evangelizing power! And not content with this, they set about raising another $25,000 to endow a Normal and Industrial Institute! Their liberality puts to shame the so-called benevolence of our Christians at home. We give out of our abundance; "the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abound unto the riches of their liberality."

In the Government Administration Report for British Burmah for 1880–81 there is a glowing tribute to the American Baptist missionaries, followed by the statement that there were then attached to their communion "451 Christian Karen parishes, most of which support their own church, parish school, and native pastor, and many of which subscribe considerable sums for missionary work." The report adds: "Christianity continues to spread among the Karens, to the great advantage of the commonwealth, and the Christian Karen communities are distinctly more industrious, better educated, and more law-abiding than the Burman and Karen villages around them.

The Karen race and the British Government owe a great debt to the American missionaries, who have, under Providence, wrought this change among the Karens of Burmah."

In connection with these Gospel triumphs the name of that first Karen convert can never be forgotten. First in the Burmese Empire to embrace Christianity, afterward pastor of Maubee, for many years he preached the Gospel to his despised and oppressed countrymen. The servant of Christ, the apostle of the Karens, whose conversion was the pivotal point in the history of a whole people, was a poor degraded Karen slave!

Sau Quala was one of the first converts among the degraded Karens. From the lowest state the Gospel raised him, with a rapidity that no *civilization* ever knew, to a noble Christian manhood. His first impulse was to tell others of Jesus. He helped to translate the Bible into the Karen tongue, for fifteen years guided the missionaries through the jungles, and then himself began to preach and to plant new churches. In *one* year he had formed *nine*, with 741 converts; in less than three years the nine had grown to thirty, with 2,000 converts. He did his work without

salary, and when the English Government offered him a position, with large compensation, he at once declined, though his poverty was such as prevented him from taking his lovely wife with him in his missionary tours! This one man, whom no bait of money or position or personal ease could win to leave his holy and unselfish work, is an unanswerable proof that a power higher than man works in Christianity. And yet there are those who "do not believe in missions!"

No. IX.

THE CONVERTS AND MARTYRS OF UGANDA.

IN 1875, Henry M. Stanley startled the Christian world by proclaiming King Mtesa's desire to have missionary teachers come to his land, and challenged Christendom to respond and send them to Uganda.

Under the liberal policy of Mtesa, Christianity, once planted in that dark country, made wonderful strides. Finding an open door, the missionaries preached and taught, set up printing-presses, and widely scattered the leaves of the Tree of Life. The people began to learn to read the New Testament in Luganda. The storehouses and offices of court became reading-rooms; lads were found in groups engaged in reading religious books, such as the Kiswahili New Testament. The people were so glad to read; they were ready also to buy.

On March 18, 1882, the first five converts received baptism, and at the end of 1884, there were 88 members in the native church, among them Mtesa's own daughter, "Rebecca" Mugali. Though the king had anticipated no such result and was not ready for it, his unusual breadth of mind and largeness of heart led him, after the first revulsion of feeling, to continue his policy of toleration. And so the Church passed this Scylla of her peril. But October 10, 1884, Mtesa died, and his son Mwanga came to the throne. He was a very different man from his father, who was an exception to African chieftains. Mwanga was greatly puffed up by his accession to the throne. Full of conceit, vain and vicious, proud and passionate, vacillating and vindictive, his own folly and fearfulness made him especially open to the misrepresentations and persuasions of designing and treacherous men. The chiefs were alarmed to see Christianity making progress so rapidly; it was creating a new atmosphere; it was dispelling ignorance, and with it superstition; and so their power, which depended on superstition, was waning. So they wrought on Mwanga's feeble mind and suspicious spirit, and an era

of trouble began. There was a cloud on the horizon, and it overspread the sky very fast.

Those who think the blessed Gospel a human invention or unattended by supernatural power we ask to consider how it came to pass that such remarkable results were so rapidly and so radically wrought among Pagans. Witness the power already exercised over a rude and barbarous people. For centuries the interregnum following a king's decease, and until a new monarch ascended the throne, had been a period of anarchy. Invariably there was no law in the kingdom when there was no king. Every man did what was right in his own eyes. To rob, to assault, to kill, were common; and the mission authorities, warned by their converts, braced themselves to bear the brunt of persecuting violence. They conferred and prayed, and determined quietly to wait, making no resistance to officially authorized wrongs.

Somehow there was no "carnival of blood" or crime. Custom sanctioned the murder of the king's brothers as rival claimants to the throne, but, for the first time in Uganda's history, there was no such slaughter.

But troublous days were before the mission.

The African monarch was suspicious of the approach of white men, especially from the northeast; fearful of conspiracies against his government; had absurdly exaggerated notions of the power of the white men; and so Mr. Thomson himself, in coming through Usoga, might have fallen a victim as Hannington did, had he not got to Uganda about the time Mtesa died and before matters had assumed their threatening aspect.

Mwanga was made to suspect Mr. Mackay of treachery; he found that, with the exception of two or three, all his own pages were pupils of the missionaries and counted Jesus as their king, and the monarch of the realm as only a man after all. Mr. Mackay was arrested by order of the Katikiro, at the instigation of Mujasi, who hated all whites, and especially their religion, and who was glad to drag Christians and Christian teachers before the magistrate. In fact, the mission barely escaped destruction.

The boys who were Mr. Mackay's companions did not escape. They were accused of joining the white men in a traitorous league against the king. Efforts to save them proved vain, and three of them were subjected to

fearful tortures and then put to death. Their arms were cut off; they were bound alive to a scaffolding; a fire was kindled beneath; and they were slowly roasted to death! Mark the miracle wrought by this Gospel in these hearts, so lately turned from dumb idols or senseless fetiches to serve the living God! Mujasi, the captain of the body guard, with his men, stood mocking their long and horrible agonies, as their Saviour was mocked before them. They were bidden to pray to Isa Masiya—Jesus Christ—and see if He would come down and deliver them. But in these lowly lads, with their dark skins, there was a heart made white in the blood of the Lamb, and the spirit of the martyrs burned within, while the fires of the martyrs burned without; and so they praised Jesus in the flames, and sang songs to Him, until their tongues, dried and shriveled in the heat, could no longer articulate:

"Killa siku tunsifu."

"Daily, daily sing to Jesus;
Sing, my soul, His praises due;
All He does deserves our praises,
And our deep devotion, too.

For in deep humiliation
He for us did live below ;
Died on Calvary's cross of torture,
Rose to save our souls from woe."

The hearts of Mr. Mackay and his fellow-workers were "breaking" with anguish; but they could not but rejoice at such triumphs of grace. And one of the executioners, struck by the wonderful fortitude of these three lads, their faith in God and their hope of a life beyond, and their evident hold on an unseen Power to which he was a stranger, came and besought that he might be taught to pray as they had done.

These martyr fires and martyr deaths did not fill other converts with dismay. Mwanga threatened any who dared to adopt the faith of the white men, or even to frequent the mission premises, with death in the fires; but the converts continued to come to Jesus nevertheless. The Katikiro found that the community was so pervaded by this new religion that, if the king continued to prosecute, he might have to accuse chiefs, and overturn the whole social fabric ! In fact, Mujasi began to meet rebuffs when he undertook to ferret out dis-

ciples and bring them to punishment; and Nua, a man who boldly went to court and confessed that he was a Christian, was sent home in peace.

Subsequently Mr. Mackay and his fellow-laborers were in daily peril of their lives, and persecution broke out afresh; but the converts held fast the beginning of their confidence steadfast unto the end, and though *thirty-two* were burned alive in one awful holocaust, upon one funeral pyre, conversions did not stop, nor could the heroic disciples be kept from open confession of Christ, in face of the smoking embers of those martyr fires.

No. X.

THE HOME OF THE INQUISITION.

THE arms of the Escurial bear the motto: *Post Fata Resurgo*, with the sun emerging from behind clouds. That motto is prophetic. Nothing more wonderful has saluted the eyes of God's watchers who wait for the morning than the recent work of the Gospel in this Land of the Inquisition, where the ashes of 30,000 martyrs may be found, who were burned alive for their faith's sake. Three hundred years of ecclesiastical despotism, upheld by the awful appliances of torture, had desolated the Spanish church. But for twenty years past, this country has been the arena of very remarkable triumphs. Already, when Pastor Fliedner, of Madrid, addressed the Evangelical Alliance in Copenhagen, in 1884, there were more than 12,000 evangelical disciples, representing nearly 100 congregations, courageously holding their ground against Papal opposition, in

various parts of Spain ; and over 8,000 children were in Christian schools, with high schools at Madrid, St. Sebastian, and Puerto Santa Maria ; and Sunday-schools everywhere, and evangelical hospitals at Madrid and Barcelona.

In 1883, the Luther-festival was observed even in the cradle-land of Inquisitorial cruelty, and the first evangelical students were matriculated in the university at the capital. Previous to 1868, not even a New Testament would have been tolerated in Spain ; and now the publications of the Bible and tract societies are spreading so fast that it is difficult for the supply to keep up with the demand.

Those who apologize for Romanism, and question whether it be even worth while to send missionaries to Papal lands, should visit such countries as Mexico and Spain. As in Brazil and Italy it is St. Joseph that is practically worshiped, so in Spain it is the Virgin ; in fact, the great day of the Passion Season is not the Good Friday of the Lord's death, but the Friday previous, sacred to the Virgin of Sorrows. Her breast is pierced with seven swords, and beneath are the words : Is there a sorrow like to my sorrow? and above, "*I*

am the Mediatrix of the human race!" The children's bedtime prayer is :

"Con Dios me acuesto,
Con Dios me levanto ;
Con la Virgen Maria
Y el Espirito Santo."

"With God I go to sleep,
With God I wake ;
Even with the Virgin Mary
And the Holy Spirit."

In connection with this displacement of the Mediator by His human mother, there is a practical idolatry that is scarcely surpassed by the lowest Pagans. In the sanctuary of Our Lady of Guadaloupe is a black wooden image dressed gorgeously, and having a special costume for each new festival, which even royal princesses deem it an honor to make. To the doors of the Spanish chapel at Madrid a leaflet was affixed, representing Mary, Queen of Angels, supported on each hand by a praying angel ; beneath it is a foot-measure with the inscription : "This is the true measure of the sole of the foot of the Most Holy Virgin, kept with great veneration in a convent of Spain. Pope John XXIII. has accorded 300

years' indulgence to all who will kiss this measure and say three *Ave Marias*. Clement VIII. confirmed these indulgences in 1603, and they are obtainable as often as desired for the souls of the blest in Purgatory and for the greater honor of the Queen of Angels. It is permissible to take from this measure others, and hereby obtain the same indulgences. Mary, Mother of Graces, pray for us. This is sold in the chapel of our dear Lady of Solitude, in Her chapel in the street of Doves, and to her honor. Madrid, 1883."

The great means by which God is illumining this death-shade of idolatry and superstition is His Holy Word. But the Bible has not found its way into Spain without resistance. A colporteur sold in the market place of Montalborejo a large copy of the Word of God. A priest, leaving the adjoining church, snatched it from the buyer and flung it to the ground, exclaiming, "The books of these heretics shall not come into our village." He led on an assault, in which the colporteur, pelted with stones, was glad to escape with life. Five weeks afterward, he passed that same hamlet at evening, when he thought he would not be recognized. But the first man who met him

asked if he were not the Bible-man. Truth compelled him to say "I am," though not without fear. What was his surprise, however, to find that, instead of stoning him, the people were all now clamoring for his books! And mark how God has brought about this wondrous change. A grocer, picking up the Bible which the priest had thrown to the ground, had torn out the leaves and used them as wrapping-paper for his soap and candles and cheese. The Spaniards unwrapped their wares, and were attracted to read the words printed in large type upon them; and so the precious truths taught in narrative and parable found their way into their hearts, and they went to the shopkeeper to get more, and when the stock was exhausted prayed God to send back the colporteur with his Bibles. His reappearance was the signal for the immediate sale of all his books; and then they begged him to stay and teach them the truth which the Book contained. Pastor Fliedner well says, it reminds us of the words on Luther's monument at Worms: "The Gospel which our Lord put into the mouths of His apostles, that is His sword, with which as with thunder and lightning, He strikes in the world." With

that weapon alone, the Almighty has been driving before Him the armies of the aliens and beating down the strongholds of the Devil.

Pastor Fliedner, on his way to prison, where he had the privilege of being cast for Christ's sake, looked over the tracts he had with him and rejoiced to find them suitable to distribute among prisoners. But he was compelled to leave them outside his cell. His handcuffs were so loosely holding his wrists that he managed to slip his hands through and passed them to the sergeant. Thereupon the jailer put a fetter around his ankle and pushed him into a cell, with five others, but kept his books for his boy, for the sake of the pictures. Pastor Fliedner cared less for being shut in a cell than for having his tracts shut out. Suddenly he was called out and searched by the jailer, who coolly appropriated his handkerchief, the little money he had about him, and even the pocket-knife which was his little boy's gift. Indignant at such robbery, Pastor Fliedner said, "What do they here call people who take what is not their own?" "You call me a thief, do you?" said the brutal jailer, and violently boxed his ear. Then fixing a

weight of 350 pounds to his fetter, he shoved him back into the dungeon, and flung his tracts after him, saying, "I will have nothing that belongs to you."

The prisoners pounced on the tracts. "Ah, you are a Protestant! You believe in God. We do not, and have longed ceased to." "Yes," he replied, "I do believe in a God." "But have you seen him?" "No; but when the jailer speaks and answers you through that closed door, you know he is there, though you don't see him. So I speak to God in prayer, and when He answers me I know He is there." "Well," they rejoined, "how do you know he hears and answers you?" Pastor Fliedner then referred to the scene they had just witnessed, the rude box on the ear; and, calling their attention to his own tall and stalwart frame and the ease with which he could have dealt a blow that would have felled the diminutive jailer to the earth, he said, "I had a mind to strike him back, and double him up, but I sent up to God a prayer for patience, and it was at once granted me, and now I shall have patience given me till the end." This was a practical example of the power of prayer that those

men, wont to yield to passion, could well understand. And the result was that those prisoners read and prayed together in that dungeon, and when Pastor Fliedner, at three o'clock in the morning, awoke, he saw one of those convicts reading by the dim light the parable of the prodigal son, and so he "thanked God for that box on the ear."

In May, 1884, three young disciples were thrown into prison for not worshiping "the host," as it was borne past. But, like Paul and Silas, they prayed and sang praises unto God, even in jail, and a by-passer in the street sent them five francs for their sweet singing. After the ten days of their sentence expired, the Judge demanded the fine of fifty francs. They had no money, and he remanded them to prison for another ten days. Two days later he set them free; for the priest had complained that *his parishioners stood morning and evening before the prison*, listening to the hymns they sang; and that the interest and sympathy they were exciting would only make more Protestants! And so they were set free.

This brief narrative of facts may serve to show us how the living God is moving with

His mission band. Even in the land of the Holy Office, the blood of the martyrs, that seed of the Church, is now springing up from soil black with the ashes of the "heretics." The first instance in which the blood of a heretic was shed by the solemn forms of law was in 385, when Priscillian, leader of the Gnostics in Spain, was put to the sword at the instigation of Bishop Itacius. And now, 1,500 years after, the pure, sweet Gospel is flowing like the river of the water of life, to turn that desert of the Inquisition into the garden of the Lord.

The ecclesiastical history of Spain is written in blood. The Aragonese branch of the Inquisition can be traced as far back as 1232; At first its severest sentence was the confiscation of property; toward the close of the fifteenth century the Cardinal-Archbishop of Seville gave it a new impulse, and it assumed in time the huge proportions of a monster, becoming more despotic and cruel than in any other European State. In 1478 a Papal bull authorized the establishment of the Tribunal, and the consent of Ferdinand and Isabella gave it the sanction of Royalty. The first formal court was established at Seville, and

on Jan. 6, 1481, the first *auto da fe* was held, six persons being burned alive. In 1483 Torquemada became Grand Inquisitor-General of all Spain, and the organic laws of the new Tribunal were framed, which Inquisitor-General Valdez, in 1561, brought to their final form. Appointed jointly by King and Pope, the Inquisitor-General became invested with absolute power. Llorente estimates that under Torquemada 8,800 were burned ; under Seza, 1,664 ; under Ximenes, 2,536. From 1483 to 1808—when Joseph Bonaparte abolished the Inquisition—the estimate is : burned alive, 31,912 ; burned in effigy, 17,659 ; subjected to various pains, penalties, and penances, 291,450 ; a *total number of victims reaching* 323,362 !

Yet here, in this central fortress of Inquisitorial horrors and terrors, the word of God, the Gospel tract, the song of grace, the transformed life of saintly men and women, without one carnal weapon, are moving with the power of God, to turn the land of many martyrs into the land of many churches and schools of Christ. Spain may yet lead Christendom in the defense of the Protestant faith.

No. XI.

THE LAND OF QUEEN ESTHER.

WHAT Theodore Parker was constrained to say of Adoniram Judson, we may with equal truth say of Fidelia Fiske: "Had the whole missionary work resulted in nothing more than the building up of such a character it would be worth all it has cost," and we may add, that had the whole history of missions furnished us no other example of the supernatural factor in missionary work than that afforded by the Holyoke school in Oroomiah, we could not doubt that the Gospel accomplishes miracles still.

There is no question of Miss Fiske's pre-eminence as a woman. Dr. Anderson thought her the nearest approach in man or woman to his ideal of the Saviour; and Dr. Kirk declared that he had never seen any one who came nearer to Jesus in self-sacrifice, and that if the Eleventh Chapter of Hebrews were extended her name would be added to the list of those whose faith or fortitude made them

deserving of a niche in that Westminster Abbey of the saints and martyrs. Wherever she went, God's presence and power went with her. For nearly twelve years her work in the land of Esther was one of continued and almost continuous revival; and when from the far Orient she returned to the seminary at South Hadley, in one year, out of 344 girls, only nineteen left it unconverted.

It cannot be said that these great results were accounted for by the *natural* elements in her character. It is true that to singular executive tact, indomitable energy and untiring industry, she united peculiar personal magnetism. But there was a divine, a supernatural element in her character which may be traced, like Timothy's faith, back through mother and grandmother. That loving heart, that winning disposition, that genius for saving souls, were the fruit of a divine husbandry and the harvest of many parental and ancestral prayers.

More than three hundred years before she was born, the holy seed was sown that ripened in Fidelia Fiske. Away back in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Fiskes from whom she was descended were "eminent for zeal in

the true religion." From sire to son and grandson descended in a golden line, link by link, both intelligence and integrity. The wife of Ebenezer Fiske used to set whole days apart for prayer, that her offspring might to the latest generation prove a Godly seed. And in 1857 there were three hundred members of Christian churches that could be directly traced to this one praying Hannah, and Fidelia was her granddaughter!

Fidelia was born in 1816, in a plain farmhouse in which the Bible was the principal library and educational text-book. Taught in a common country school she had but very limited advantages, but she exhibited a characteristic thoroughness and self-reliance in all her tasks. She did with her might what her hands found to do, and took pleasure in mastering her difficulties. Naturally wilful and wayward, her mother's firm but loving hand taught her to submit her will to authority, and as she became old enough to apprehend her relations to God, it became comparatively easy to transfer her obedience to His higher authority. In 1831, at the age of fifteen, she publicly professed her faith. She no sooner began to "follow" Christ, than she

became a "fisher for men." Eight years later she came under the influence of that most remarkable teacher that America has yet produced—Mary Lyon—a woman who combined in herself many of the best qualities of Abelard, Arnold, of Rugby, and Pestalozzi. There Fidelia felt the sway of the imperial intellect and seraphic love of Mary Lyon. There she learned how that invisible Power which we call the Holy Spirit, could convince of sin and teach penitent souls to pray, believe, and in turn become teachers of others. There she learned, what she never forgot, that conversion is a phenomenon which can be accounted for on no mere philosophy of naturalism, but is plainly the work of God! During this time she came so near to death with typhoid fever that she looked over the border-land into the awful august world of spirits, and henceforth the reality of that unseen world she never doubted. She had gotten a glimpse of those light-crowned Alps that lie beyond the clouds of our human horizon.

While she was teaching at Holyoke, that seminary was marvelously pervaded with a missionary spirit. Fidelia's uncle, Rev. Pliny Fiske, had gone forth to the sacred city of

Jerusalem, when she was but three years old, and had died shortly after, and the impressions made by his consecration she had never lost. When Dr. Perkins came to Holyoke to find a missionary teacher for Persia, Fidelia Fiske was ready, and she told Miss Lyon she would go. Those two, the great teacher and her scarcely less great pupil, drove thirty miles through snow-drifts to the mother's home, and at 11 o'clock at night awoke a sleeping household to ask whether Fidelia might obey the Lord's call to Persia. There was little more slumber that Saturday night, and before the Sabbath sun set the devoted mother bade her daughter follow the Lord's voice: "Go, my child, go!" said she, and that precious daughter went. Before she arrived at Oroomiah she received word that sixty young ladies, unconverted when she left, had but *six* who still remained unbelieving. It was a prophesy and a foretaste of what was before her as the head and teacher of another Holyoke Seminary in Persia!

The people among whom she was to labor presented no hopeful field. The Nestorians had a form of godliness without its power. The Koords were fierce and lawless. The

Mohammedans were bigoted and intolerant. The habits of the people were unspeakably repulsive to a delicate and refined nature like Miss Fiske's. One room was the Nestorian house. Cleanliness and decency were alike impossible. The vermin were so thick upon the children that it was well they were nearly nude, since the vermin had fewer hiding places. Woman in Persia was unwelcome at birth, untaught in childhood, uncherished in wifehood and motherhood, unprotected in old age, and unlamented in death—the tool of man's tyranny, the victim of his passions, the slave of his wants. Lying, stealing, and profanity, were common vices among them. They were coarse and degraded, passionate and quarrelsome, and, like birds in a cage, content with their slavery. They laughed at the absurdity of a woman's being educated.

When Miss Fiske went to Persia no revival of religion had yet been enjoyed, and only a beginning has been made in the establishment of schools and the printing-press. Mrs. Grant, of blessed memory, had in 1838 opened a school for girls, the nucleus of the now famous female seminary. Thus far it was only a day-school, and the constant daily

return of the pupils to their tainted homes seemed to undo all the good done at the school. Miss Fiske instinctively felt that it must be changed to a *boarding*-school.

But it was feared no parents would allow their daughters to enter such a school lest it should forfeit some opportunity for early marriage, nor could they see what good education could bring to a girl, while it would unfit her for bearing burdens like a donkey. But Fidelia Fiske's heart was set on redeeming Persian women, and she pressed her project. The first Syriac words she learned were "daughter" and "give," and she persistently asked parents to "give their daughters." On the opening day *two scholars* entered, and within six months the number grew threefold. To these girls she had to become at once mother and servant, housekeeper and teacher. She washed from their bodies the repulsive filth, and then she besought God to sprinkle their hearts from an evil conscience. They were such liars that she could not believe them even under oath, and such thieves that she could leave nothing except under lock.

But those degraded girls soon found that they had to deal with a woman who somehow

knew the secrets of God. They dared not steal or lie before a woman who could talk with God as she could, and to whom God spoke back as He did to her. She made the Bible her main text book and behind all other teaching laid the prayerful purpose to lead them to Christ. Often she was constrained to ask, Can the image of Jesus ever be reflected from such hearts as these? But she knew God to be almighty, and in prayer she got new courage for fresh endeavor. The story of her persevering efforts to reach women in Persia is too long to be told within our narrow limits. But our purpose is to emphasize not the human element but the *divine*, and so we pass on to make extended reference to the great revivals in Oroomiah.

To any who secretly doubt the supernatural element in conversion we ask careful attention to a few facts :

1. This woman's great work can all be traced first of all to her *closet*. She first heard from God in the ear what with the mouth she afterward proclaimed as from the house-tops. She went apart with God and prayed for power, prayed for sanctity, prayed for the Holy Ghost to be given in that school, prayed

for each of those girls by name. And she thus prayed until this unseen Spirit of God breathed on those young hearts and swayed them as trees bow before a mighty wind. She solemnly recorded her conviction, after years of patient work among Persian women: "If they are ever converted, this must be the Lord's work; I feel this more and more."

I pass by much interesting history that the very heart of the whole story may the sooner be reached. In the autumn of 1845, after some two years' labor, a new and strange spiritual atmosphere seemed to pervade the school; and it was simultaneous with a new secret wrestling with God in her own closet. As pupils were dismissed from the school-room, two lingered and were found to be in tears. She questioned them as to the cause of their sorrow, and found it to be conscious *sin*. "May we have to-day to care for our own souls?" In the lack of a private room, they went to the wood cellar and there found a place for retirement, where they spent that cold day seeking God. What was it that *sent those Persian girls there?* Was it the personal magnetism of their teacher or was it the secret constraining influence of God?

2. Again, let it be noted that simultaneously and without collusion between Miss Fiske and Mr. Stoddard, the converting work began in both the boys' and girls' schools. While Fidelia Fiske was asking God for wisdom to guide four or five girls that she had discovered to be inquiring for salvation, Mr. Stoddard came to tell her of four or five boys in his school much distressed on account of sin. It was as though, without the knowledge of either party as to the other's work, the same blessing had been given at the same hour from the same source to meet the same need. The two schools now met in common and were taught of the remedy for sin, and those young children bowed in the presence of the august realities of the unseen world. The wave of revival swept over those schools, submerging all other themes of thought for the time. It was Sabbath all the week. The whole house was a sanctuary. The Nestorian women thronged the house, and often till midnight Miss Fiske was guiding these awakened souls, and then heard them praying from midnight till morning. The work went on until but two pupils over ten years of age remained unmoved. Nothing more remark-

able in the history of missions has been seen than those children voluntarily seeking places for private prayer, and there remaining for prolonged communion with God, literally bathing the Bible and the very floor of their secret closet with tears! The villages round about were blessed. The children's prayers reached their distant homes, and the blessing fell there also. Plowmen and common workmen, with plow or spade in hand preached Christ. And not only so: those young girls who had found salvation were found pleading with middle-aged women to accept Jesus as Saviour.

3. Again, the power of God was seen in utter transformation of character and life. Fear had constrained many a girl not to steal lest she should be discovered and exposed; but it was some other impulse that now led to the confession of sins long ago committed and to a diligent and self-denying effort at long delayed reparation. There were saints developed from those Nestorian children that deserved to be ranked among those of whom the world was not worthy, whose mature knowledge and piety put to shame the attainments of aged Christians. There were deaths

that compelled those Nestorians to look upon death as never before, as well as lives that compelled them to believe in a new power of which they had never dreamed! The very ground became holy on which some of those young feet trod, that were found only a short time before hopelessly bemired in the filth of Persian homes. Stolidity and stupidity had given way before a quickening influence that was like an electric shock for suddenness, but like sunshine for power to illumine and quicken. Those who have believed conversion to be but another word for human reformation should have been in Fidelia Fiske's school in the winter of 1845 and 1846, and seen how God works in answer to prayer, and makes the desert blossom as the rose!

No. XII.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF MADAGASCAR.

TO Robert Drury, an English boy, wrecked near Port Dauphine, the Southeastern cape of Madagascar, we owe the first full account of the savages on this great island. He saw the captain and crew, who with him escaped from the jaws of the angry sea, pierced with the lances of the inhospitable natives, till out of over a hundred only twelve survived, and he himself was saved only to be enslaved.

This was early in this century. The country was then divided among many warring tribes; might the only right; women and children carried off like cattle and made slaves; woman so degraded that even the king's daughter, wife, or mother, cringing before him, licked his feet. Heathen ceremonies, the most absurd and degrading, were of daily occurrence. A wooden charm called an *owley*, borne up by forked sticks, was worshiped with incense. Fortune-tellers or

RANAVALONA III., PRESENT QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

umossees, held the people in bondage, and lived upon their ignorance, superstition, and credulity; the Malagasy were the victims of magicians. They constantly fought and plundered one another. The arrival of a European vessel was the signal for abandonment to lust, and reckless trading in human bodies and souls; all who had slaves drove them to the seaside.

Half a century ago the Hovas held the interior portion of the island, and their king or chief, Radama, had come to the throne in 1808. With these Hovas and their sovereigns the modern history of Madagascar is mainly concerned. Morally and spiritually the picture is very dark. From three to four thousand natives were sold every year, and the spot where they caught the last glimpse of home, and first saw the sea that was to bear them into hopeless exile, is even yet called the "*weeping place of the Hovas.*" Notwithstanding courts of law, bribery was so common that trial was a form and a farce. Honesty was scarce known, and children were trained to regard falsehood and deception as virtues. Punishments were savagely cruel, devised to give long, lingering pain—

burning by slow fires, drowning in boiling water, poisoning, beating, starving, hurling over precipices, crucifying. The *tangena* was a substitute for trial, and thousands died every year from this poison, while those who proved their innocence by outliving the dose were wrecked in health.

The people were a nation of thieves as well as liars. Madame Pfeiffer's property was stolen while at the house of the Chief Justice, but recovery was impossible where even high officers stole. The very graves were robbed, bodies were stripped, and every article of value buried with the dead was an object of ruthless plunder. The nation, thus wedded to lying and thieving, objected to Christianity because it taught truth and honesty. The natives were so far lost to all virtue that they resisted any influence that promised moral improvement. As to *homes*, Madagascar had none; a native never spoke of family or family ties. Madame Pfeiffer's travels had brought to her knowledge no people so immoral, and her pen refused to write what her eyes and ears were compelled to see and hear. The worst vices were so universal as to seem natural. A man might put away his wife

without cause, and take a new one as often as his caprice or passion led him. Female virtue was of so little account that it did not even affect the legitimacy of offspring. Children born on unlucky days it was no crime to strangle, drown, or expose to the trampling feet of cattle.

The Hovas were like the Athenians, a "very religious" people—idols filled the land. Gods were so plenty that anything new, which the natives did not comprehend, though it were but a machine or a photograph, they deified. They thought of their idols as having all power, but neither knowledge nor goodness, virtue nor love; they were human greed, cruelty, meanness, and malice, invested with almightiness! monsters of lies and lusts.

Of this people the French governor of the Isle of Bourbon said, "You might as well attempt to convert sheep, oxen or asses, as to make the Malagasy, Christians"—yet among such a people the Gospel has won some of its mightiest triumphs.

The first obvious step was one of *preparation*. God gave Madagascar political unity. King Radama in his reign of twenty years, proved himself a Cæsar or Napoleon to his realm,

making himself master of nearly the whole island; and this rendered easier the spread of a new faith, as the unification of the Roman Empire had done eighteen centuries before. Radama was at once a general, a ruler, and a reformer. He had with all his faults and vices a patriotic spirit. Contact with European civilization had satisfied him of its superior type, and he first opened the door to civilization and Christianity to secure the progress and prosperity of his people. He made a treaty with Britain, abolishing the slave trade, though domestic slavery still prevailed in his own dominions; and, seeing the benefits accruing to even heathen lands from the Gospel, he welcomed the pioneer English missionary to his capital Antananarivo, in 1820, and kept his pledge of royal protection to him and others who might join him.

The missionaries reduced the Hova language to writing, and in teaching and preaching employed their time and strength. God gave them the King's patronage; and by his favor an adult school was opened in the palace court-yard, and a central model school was organized for training native teachers for the villages round about; and, when murmurs

arose against the missionaries, because their teachings lessened respect for the native religion, Radama had the independence and indifference to go on with the work of education, caring nothing at heart for the idols that the Hovas worshiped.

In 1826 the first printing-press was set up in the island, and a new literature began to be created. The people were slowly waking from the sleep of ages. But at the death of Radama, in June, 1828, not one convert had yet made a confession of Christ.[1] This progressive sovereign had been led simply by worldly wisdom ; it was civilization and not Christianity, as such, that he encouraged. He was too intelligent to have faith in priestcraft and witchcraft, but too carnally minded to embrace Christianity or even attend preaching services.

His death was the signal for a most bloody and cruel persecution. One of Radama's wives, Ranavalona, forcibly mounted the throne, murdering all rivals. If Radama was the Cæsar, she was the "Bloody Mary," of Madagascar, as reckless as Nero, as treacher-

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[1] "Story of Madagascar," Mears, p. 57.

ous as Judas, and as selfish as Cleopatra. From twenty to thirty thousand victims fell annually a prey to her cruelty. Her imperial journeys were destructive raids that left famine in their track, and her whole rule was that of a despot that cared neither for the liberty nor the life of her subjects. Her chief amusement was a bull-fight. She would waste tears over the death of a favorite bull and lavish honors on its burial, such as not even the decease of her whole family would have drawn forth. Had her reign been long, the island would have been a depopulated desert; and, as it was, half of the population are said to have perished under her bloody sceptre.

We have drawn this hideous portrait that it may be seen what the royal flower which Madagascar society naturally produced, and under what a deadly influence the infant church of Christ there struck down its tender roots and unfolded its stalk. Everything, humanly speaking, prevented the Gospel from getting any hold. The soil was thick with the awful growths of the lowest Paganism; and a queen who had neither justice nor mercy was ready to pluck up the first plant of godli-

ness, or burn over any field where the seed of the Gospel had sprung up.

Among her first acts was the prohibition of all preaching, and the breaking up of the schools. Afterward, probably from policy, she permitted the missionaries to make converts, and to organize native churches; and, in 1831, twenty were baptized, among them "Paul," a famous heathen diviner, who had become a humble learner in the school of Christ. As soon, however, as the work of conversion thus began in earnest, the queen set herself resolutely against it, with a hatred and cruelty so Satanic that a pall seemed to have fallen upon the whole people. The preaching went forward, and she was besought not to persecute the new disciples. But it was all in vain. In March, 1834, a royal proclamation was made in the ears of a hundred thousand people drawn up on the plain, Imahamasina, declaring war against the new faith. Converts were branded as criminals, and required to accuse themselves within one week on pain of death. Astonishing as is the fact, *the great body of these native disciples stood firm.* Praying for help, and trusting in God, they appeared before the judges and confessed

their faith. In these days of peril these Malagasy disciples spent whole nights in prayer, and their fidelity to an unseen Saviour excited the astonishment even of their enemies. The queen contented herself in this case with degrading four hundred officers and fining two thousand others. A week later she demanded all *books* to be delivered up. As all literature on the island was the creation of the mission press, this edict was aimed against the Bible. But the brave Malagasy would not give up the Scriptures, which some of them had walked a hundred miles to procure.

The strong hold of the Gospel upon the native Hovas could be accounted for on no philosophy that excludes the power of God. Already twenty-four hundred of the queen's officers were among the converts. In the army the best and bravest soldiers were also soldiers of Christ ; in vain were they placed in the most exposed positions in the battle—they still routed the foe. Thirty-thousand Hovas could read the Scriptures. Many cast away idols and superstitious charms. Large congregations met at the capital and the influence reached hundreds of miles in every direction. No fault could be found in the

Christians of Madagascar, except as with Daniel in Babylon—*they believed in their God.* When compelled to cease from public labor, the missionaries worked privately, and, besides teaching the people, published the complete Old Testament and "Pilgrim's Progress." Then, driven from the island, they left the young church of Christ without a foreign missionary among them, in July, 1836; and for twenty-five long years, persecution, which had bared her red right arm, held it a crime to confess Jesus as Saviour and Lord.

At her coronation in June, 1829, Ranavalona I. took two of the national idols in her hands and said, "From my ancestors I received you; in you I put my trust, therefore support me." Robed in scarlet and gold, those idols were held at the front of the platform to overawe the multitude while the ceremonies went forward. Her throne was literally pillared on idols, as her reign abundantly proved.

There were four eras of persecution, lasting respectively for four, seven, three, and two years, together reaching from 1835 to 1860, with intervals of comparative quiet. The third was the most severe. Christians met

secretly in each other's houses, and traveled sometimes twenty miles to mountain tops, to praise and pray, and read the word of God.

A woman of high family, Rafaravavy, became a sincere disciple and opened one of the largest houses in the capital for Christian worship. Despite the queen's hostile attitude, she continued to hold Sunday evening meetings. She refused to reveal the names of her fellow-worshipers, and the queen, in a rage, ordered her put to death. While expecting cruel tortures, she retained her serene composure; the peace of God filled her soul. Her life was spared, but her property in part confiscated. She continued to meet believers, however, and the number of converts constantly increased. These persecuted disciples, bereft of human teachers, looked only to the Holy Spirit as teacher, and became themselves instructors of others who could not read. Their quick sensibilities made them weep at the bare mention of Jesus. Rafaravavy's house was assaulted by a mob, and she was led away, as she supposed, to execution, and put in irons; but a terrible conflagration, that same night, was supposed to have alarmed the queen and aroused her

superstitious fears, and the penalty was delayed. At last sentence of perpetual slavery was inflicted on all who had been seized in Rafaravavy's house, and Rasalama, another of the women, was speared while kneeling in prayer. Thus, on August 14, 1837, the first Madagascar martyr died witnessing for Jesus. Two hundred converts were enslaved for Jesus's sake at this time. Some of those thus enslaved to traders afterwards escaped, but astonished their masters by returning to them accounts of their goods, with money obtained from sales. Fugitives hid three months at a time in forests. Wanderers often came into contact with lonely dwellings, where little congregations hitherto unknown gathered for Christian worship.

These are fragments of this remarkable story of Madagascar which read like the highest romance of Christian chivalry.

In 1839 some fugitives, on their way to England, stopping at Port Elizabeth, in South Africa, met with fellow-converts. Unable to communicate freely with these converted Hottentots, *their Bibles became actually vehicles of converse.* The Malagasy and Hottentots, turning to the same passages in their respect-

ive translations of the Word, in this way made known to each other their sentiments. For example, the Hottentot disciples pointed to Ephesians ii : 2 : "Among whom we all had our conversation in time past," etc. The Malagasy disciples responded by Ephesians ii : 14, 15: "For He is our peace who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition." Also Gal. iii : 28: "Ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Again, the Hottentots pointed to John xvi:33: "In the world ye shall have tribulation." The Hovas replied by Rom. viii : 35: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation?" etc. When was ever the Bible put to a more beautiful use even by the most mature Christians? Then they sang the same hymns to the same tunes, in different languages. Verily, "*Multæ terricolis linguæ; celestibus una.*" Then the Hottentots made them a voluntary contribution to help pay costs of their voyage, and knelt on the beach commending them to God. And these were Hottentot "dogs" and Malagasy "asses!" How soon and strangely they had developed into Christian men!

When these fugitives reached England, in

May, 1839, they wrote a letter to their suffering fellow-disciples at home, which for beauty and purity of Christian sentiment might have graced the fame of Paul, the apostle and writer of epistles. For three years they stayed on British shores, winning universal esteem and love, and furnishing an unanswerable proof of the reality of the Gospel. When, in 1842, they returned to Mauritius, their mission station at Moka became the asylum for other fugitives from persecutions at Madagascar. The queen was only enraged by the escape of her victims. She became the more bloodthirsty. She ordered her soldiers, when they found any Christians, to dig a pit, cast them into it, pour boiling water on them, and then fill up the pit, and go in search of others on whom to wreak similar vengeanee.

Meanwhile, the patience and fidelity of these poor disciples confounded their very enemies, and constrained them to admire and wonder at a power so mysterious that could take away the fear of death, even in forms so horrible. In July, 1840, nine persons, recaptured out of sixteen who had fled, were put to death by the spear of the executioner, and

among them *Paul* the Aged, the converted conjurer and preacher. And still the Gospel made conquests in these, the darkest days.

Two years of respite from persecution passed by, and a second era of cruelty began about June 19, 1842. Two converts were seized while returning from a missionary tour among the Salaklava tribes, and tortured to induce them to reveal the names of their fellow-disciples, but in vain. These lambs went to the slaughter without opening their mouths to betray other believers.

A few months later the queen was wrought to fury by the act of some imprudent person who affixed to the wall of a house in the capital a leaf of the New Testament, underlining Matthew xxiii : 13, "*Woe unto you!*" etc. Construing this as a personal insult, she required the unknown offender to confess in four days under penalty of being cut into pieces as small as musket balls. As no confession followed, the queen arrested several Christians, and selected two, whose bodies were literally *chopped as fine as mincemeat*, and then burned to ashes! And the only ground for attaching to these disciples the guilt of this offense was that they knew enough to read and write!

Strange to say, it pleased God that the only son and heir of this atrocious Jezebel should, at the age of sixteen, become interested in the very Christians who were the objects of his mother's persecuting rage! Rakatond-Radama was one of the illustrations of that paradox of heredity that a lamb should be born of a hyena. His gentle spirit was the exact reverse of his mother's ferocity. Where she delighted in cruelty he delighted in kindness; he hated blood-shedding even as she thirsted for it. Of course, the people soon found out where to go for sympathy and succor. He cut the cords of those who were bound, and released those appointed to death; and yet the natural affection existing between the son and mother prevented a rupture between them.

About this time, 1847, Ramaka, called Rasalasala or The Bold One, arose, a mighty preacher, the first in the Madagascar church. Prince Rakatond was drawn to hear him, and was so impressed that he had Christian teachers come to the palace to instruct him in the Scriptures and pray with him. So far as he could, he prevented all executions, or, at least, modified and mollified the severity of the

sentence against accused disciples. Though he never seems to have become a convert himself, he often attended Christian worship and befriended the converts in every possible way. His consin, Prince Ramonja, older than he, yet singularly like him, and also a favorite of the queen, joined him in the chivalrous defense of the persecuted followers of Jesus. The nephew of the prime minister went further than these two royal princes, and openly declared himself a disciple, and so the Gospel once more invaded "Cæsar's household." His uncle threatened him with the loss of his head, but he calmly answered, "I am a Christian, and, if you will, you may put me to death, but I must and will pray." He might be assassinated, but could not be intimidated, as Curran said of himself when conducting the defense of Bond.

To recount all the fascinating story of the Malagasy's sufferings would require a volume. But we seek rather to portray in outline the main features of this romance of missions. One of the most affecting memorials of this persecution may be found in the fragments of Holy Scripture afterwards brought home by Mr. Ellis. During this famine of the writ-

ten word, the more educated converts copied out portions of the blessed book, and these were found, worn, soiled, and rent, with the torn edges carefully drawn together and sewed with fibers of bark, or repaired with pieces of stronger paper; and giving evidence that they had been buried in the earth or hidden in smoky thatches, to conceal them from the eyes of the malignant persecutors.

In 1849 a third era of persecution began with the assault upon Prince Ramonja. A *kabar* or business meeting was summoned at Andahalo. The queen addressed a message to her subjects, asking "why it was that they did not give up praying?" in view of the severe penalties affixed to the crime of apostasy from the gods of Madagascar.

The Christians made mild but firm answer, refusing to recognize idols. Rainitraho, a noble of royal blood, was among Christ's confessors, and his heroism was so contagious that the officers stopped the examinations lest the whole people should be carried away with his example. Four nobles were burned alive, and fourteen others hurled from a precipice 150 feet high, and their families sold as slaves; 117 were publicly flogged

and compelled to labor for life in chains; 1,700 were fined, and Prince Ramonja was degraded from his rank. The prince royal was accused of being a Christian, but the queen was too indulgent to her only son to take notice of the charge.

No acts of violence could sway these simple Malagasy converts from Jesus. They calmly replied, "None of these things move me." They sang a hymn of "going home to God," as they were borne to execution, and prayers and praises ascended in the very flames that wrapped the stakes. Once, indeed, the flames were extinguished by a sudden rain, and a bow appeared, one end of which seemed to rest on the very posts to which the martyrs were tied. The spectators were overwhelmed with awe, but the fires were relit, and the martyrs gave up the ghost.

To the precipice near the palace, Ampamarinana, fourteen prisoners were then led and hurled over its awful edge, bounding from ledge to ledge until they were broken on the granite rocks below, and one of them was heard singing as he fell. One timid woman, Ranivo, who was kept to the last, compelled to look over the edge of the cliff upon the

mangled bodies below, in answer to the entreaties of friends that she would save her life by apostasy from Christ, only begged to be hurled from the precipice, too. And yet the word of the Lord had free course and was glorified. Converts were still gathered. Believers numbered thousands. In at least seven places in the capital secret meetings were held.

Rainiharo, one of the ministers who had placed Ranavalona on the throne and propped her persecuting policy by his influence, died, and this period of relentless persecution came to a close. The prince royal, Rakatond, now became associated with his mother in the government. The time now seemed to have come for the return of the expelled missionaries. The London Missionary Society, to whose planting the Gospel owed its harvest in Madagascar, sent a deputation, composed of the veteran missionary, Rev. William Ellis, and the Rev. Mr. Cameron, to prepare the way for reëstablishing the mission which for about eighteen years had been broken up.

Mr. Ellis found two parties on the island, led respectively by Prince Rakatond and by his cousin, Ramboasalama, the former favor-

ing Christianity and all its noble institutions; the latter in league with idolatry and all its vicious associations. But Mr. Ellis found the Church of Christ in the island stronger than before persecution began, and the knowledge of the Gospel spread to the remote parts of the island. Not until his third visit, in 1856, did he reach the capital. But when he did, he found that just the fruits which the blessed Gospel had produced in the most enlightened communities, it had borne in Madagascar. Disciples had there fought the same fight of faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, and burning with zeal for God and passion for souls. Closet and family prayer were more common than among disciples in London; the word of God was daily searched as for hid treasure, and the meetings for worship were attended at all risk.

The fourth and last persecution may be traced to a plot to depose the wicked queen. June, 1857, was fixed as the time for carrying out the design. Mr. Lambert, a Frenchman, first sought aid from Louis Napoleon and the English prime minister, Lord Clarendon, in relieving the misery of the Malagasy. When the hope of foreign interference failed, he is

said to have enlisted the coöperation of Prince Rakatond with some of the nobles and soldiers, in the plan of revolutionizing the government by *native* aid alone. No violence was to be done to the queen's person; she was simply to be removed from the throne, and her son to be proclaimed king. But on the eve of accomplishment the plot failed, and when the knowledge of the conspiracy came to Queen Ranavalona's ears, she refused to allow any one to hint a suspicion against her son, and like Nero when Rome burned, fixed the guilt of the whole plot upon the poor innocent disciples of Christ. A traitor who had professed conversion gave the queen a list of seventy whom he charged with a share in the conspiracy. Prince Rakatond got hold of this list and tore it in pieces. But the bloody queen must have some victims for her new fever of rage, and so another *kabar* was called. Not more than three hundred Christians were found, as they had fled in bands so numerous as to put to flight the detachments of soldiers sent to capture them. The infuriated queen declared that her search should extend to the bowels of the earth and the very beds of lakes and rivers; but the

more she raved the more calm and cautious were the followers of Jesus; only Prince Rakatond's energy and interposition prevented the destruction not only of hundreds of natives but of the six Europeans who were on the island, including Madame Pfeiffer, the traveler. They were, however, banished and barely escaped from the island with their lives.

Christians were pierced and tortured with spears and then beheaded. More than two hundred suffered punishment, most of them men of mark, and *stoning* was now for the first time employed as a new and cruel mode of execution. Iron necklaces were attached to the necks of others and they were thus linked together and compelled to constant companionship until death ended their sufferings; if one died the rest had to drag about this body of death—a revival of the hideous forms of ancient torture. Fifty-seven Christians were thus chained together and banished to a distant province.

This was the last triumph of persecuting hatred against the little church in Madagascar. For thirty-two years Ranavalona had held her red scepter. She had sought to

trample upon and stamp out with iron heel the humble plant of renown that was growing in the soil of this great island. But God used all this rage of this modern Jezebel to test and develop the faith and love of disciples. The tangena draught, the boiling caldron, the rice-pit, the awful precipice, the chain, the spear, the stone, the stake—all united in vain to compel these poor, ignorant, persecuted disciples to disown their newly found Saviour. For the first time in the history of modern missions God permitted a feeble church, just planted and scarcely rooted on Pagan soil, to undergo a quarter of a century of persecution, having scarcely a parallel in violence and cruelty. That church was literally and emphatically *isolated;* not only on an island, but cut off from sympathetic contact and communication with the Christian Church in other lands, and yet it more than survived ; for at the end of that twenty-five years, when, if not plucked up by the roots, it might have been expected to be found feeble and half dead, it was strong and firmly rooted, and among its precious fruits were many of the soldiers, the nobles, and even the royal household. Many thousand

persons had been sentenced to various punishments by the "Bloody Mary" of Madagascar, for their faith; and yet when, in 1861, persecution ceased, the Christian population was *five-fold greater* than before she began to exterminate them; and more than this—this Plant of Renown had spread its roots through the very soil of society, and its branches reached afar; the perfume of its golden blooms pervaded the very atmosphere; its fruits were to be found in every home. The whole community was undergoing transformation. The name of Christian had become the sign and synonym, the pledge and promise of truth, purity, fidelity, integrity—new virtues were growing, where vice had sprung up rank as weeds. A miracle had been wrought. A Supernatural Power had been at work. The Spirit of God had breathed new life into Malagasy hearts.

July, 1861, came and the queen died, and Rakatond, as Radama II., became king. His first act was to proclaim his policy of toleration. The era of religious liberty had dawned for Madagascar. He proclaimed deliverance to the captives and the opening of prison doors to them that were bound. Exiles re-

turned home, slaves were set free; it was a year of jubilee. Idols were banished from the palace, and to show his contempt he sent some Christians to burn the very shrine of one of the national gods, while he looked on to witness the impotency of the so-called "deity." Radama was a reformer, but not a Christian. He was tolerant of the Gospel, and so he was of rum, and 60,000 gallons flooded the island in a week and debauched whole villages.

It was now safe for Mr Ellis to come again and resume missionary work, and in November, 1861, he sailed for Madagascar. On his arrival, with Radama's permission, he secured the sites made sacred by the blood and ashes of the martyrs, for the building of churches; and so the houses of worship in Madagascar to-day are monuments and memorials of the faith and faithfulness of those who there suffered for Jesus.

Mr. Ellis's arrival was the signal for a triumphal march through the island. Delegations of disciples met him, and processions went out to welcome the veteran missionary. Throngs of worshipers assembled at early dawn. A second service would begin by 8

o'clock in the morning. Every encouragement was now given to the devoted missionary from the hut of the poor to the palace of the king.

Radama II. fell a victim to a conspiracy within a twelvemonth. He who had never shed blood was strangled by assassins, in May, 1863, and his widow, under the title of Queen Rasoherina, ascended the vacant throne, the first constitutional ruler of the Malagasy. She reigned five years, and her subjects enjoyed full liberty of conscience. The work of evangelization went rapidly forward. Nevertheless the government was not Christian, and at her coronation, which was on Sunday, the priests and idols were conspicuously in the foreground.

Congregations multiplied and converts increased, and a native ministry was trained up, and a native Christian literature created. The thirst of the native Christians for the Word of God was insatiable, and every mark of a Christian home was to be found in their domestic life. Marriage was honored and divorce discouraged. Contributions were liberal, and the missionary spirit led to abundant labors to spread the Gospel by both home and foreign missions.

The queen's health was failing, and before she died, it is believed, her mind turned from her old idols, which she had placed in her court and carried on her journeys. She died in April, 1868. Her youngest sister took the throne as Ranavalona II. And now, for the first time, Madagascar had a *Christian* as well as a constitutional ruler.

He who would see the marvelous change in Madagascar, need only contrast the coronation of the two queens—Ranavalona I. and Ranavalona II. One took place June 12, 1829. Then the Bloody Mary of Madagascar took two of the national idols in her hands, and declared: "I received you from my ancestors; I put my trust in you, therefore support me." And then the scarlet-clad images were held at the front corners of the platform to awe the superstitious multitude. On September 3, 1868, a Christian queen was crowned, and the ceremony befitted such a monarch. The symbols of Pagan faith were nowhere to be seen. In their place lay a beautiful copy of the Bible, side by side with the laws of Madagascar. A canopy was stretched above the queen, and on its four sides were four Scripture mottoes: "Glory to

God;" "Peace on earth;" "Good-will to man;" "God with us." Her inaugural address was interwoven with Scripture dialect, and instead of Christianity it was now idolatry which became a suppliant for toleration. And all this took place *seven* years after Ranavalona I. expired! Astrologers and diviners were no longer to be found at court; Rasoherina's idol was cast out of the palace. Government work ceased on Sunday, and the Sunday markets were closed. In the palace court services of divine worship were instituted, which are kept up to this date. Churches now grow rapidly, sometimes fivefold in a year. The Madagascar New Year, formerly an idolatrous festival, now became a Christian holy day; and the queen's address declared, "I have brought my kingdom to lean upon God, and I expect you, one and all, to be wise and just, and to walk in His ways." Just one month later Ranavalona II. and her prime minister were publicly baptized by one of the native preachers, in the very courtyard where, a few years before, the bloodiest edicts had been issued.

In the queen's examination by the native ministers, it transpired that her first serious

impressions were traceable to a native Christian who, when she was a mere child, sought to impress her with the truth as it is in Jesus. It was Andriantoiamba, one of the four nobleman who were afterward burned as martyrs, who thus sowed the seed in that young heart that afterward ripened into the first Christian queen of the island. Two days before their baptism the queen and the prime minister, were wedded, and shortly after both publicly joined in the Lord's Supper, thus magnifying the Christian family and the Sacraments of the Church of God.

Such an example was likely to be followed. Almost all the government officers of high rank, and among them the chief idol-keeper, the astrologer of Rasoherina, came forward to receive baptism. Congregations multiplied beyond all means of accommodation. One hundred new buildings were in demand; 37,000 persons attended worship, an increase of 16,000 in a year! On July 20th the corner-stone of a chapel, designed for the use of the queen and court, was laid in the very court-yard of the palace.

To-day in that palace courtyard the traveler may see a beautiful house of prayer. In

gilded letters upon two large stone tablets forming part of the surbase of the structure, appears engraven the following royal statement, read at the laying of the corner-stone in 1869:

"By the power of God and grace of cur Lord Jesus, I, Ranavalomanjaka, Queen of Madagascar, founded the House of Prayer, on the thirteenth Adimizana, in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ, 1869, as a house of prayer for the service of God, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, according to the word in the Sacred Scriptures, by Jesus Christ the Lord, who died for the sons of all men, and rose again for the justification and salvation of all who believe in and love Him.

"For these reasons this stone house, founded by me as a house of prayer, cannot be destroyed by any one, whoever may be king of this my land, forever and forever; but if he shall destroy this house of prayer to God which I have founded, then is he not king of my land, Madagascar. Wherefore I have signed my name with my hand and the seal of the kingdom.

RANAVALOMANJAKA,
Queen of Madagascar."

RAINILAIARIVONY, PRIME MINISTER OF MADAGASCAR.

"This word is genuine, and the signature by the hand of Ranavalomanjaka is genuine.

RAINILAIARIVONY,
Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief of Madagascar."

If you should visit this island to-day, you would find four sacred sites occupied by memorial churches. Ampamarinana, the summit of the martyrs' precipice; Ambohipotsy, where Rasalama, the first martyr, was speared; Ambatonakanga, where so many were kept in prison; and Faravohitra, where the rainbow rested over the burning pile, and where the first stone of the church was laid exactly beneath the spot where the remains of the martyrs were found.

Is it possible to account for changes such as these, wrought within the space of sixty years by the simple preaching and teaching of the Gospel, unless the power of God is indeed behind the Bible? If there ever was a wonder that compelled even the skeptical and the unbelieving to exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" it is to be found in the story of Madagascar.

The establishment of a French protectorate over Madagascar, which has been the outcome of the recent war (1895), threatened to hamper the work, if not the progress, of Protestant missions in this island. The Hova government has, for some years, strongly seconded the efforts to evangelize the nation. The present Hova Queen, Ranavàlona III., is a staunch Protestant. She is the second Christian ruler over the Malagasy, and ascended the throne on her twenty-second birthday, November 22, 1883. Her Prime Minister, Rainilaiàrivòny, who is also Prince Consort, is likewise a member of the Congregational (L.M.S.) Church in Antananarivo. He was husband, Prime Minister, and Commander-in-Chief of the army to the two preceding queens, and has thus been the "power behind the throne" for more than thirty years. During this period of religious toleration and political prosperity, over one thousand schools have been established, and twelve hundred churches. In all, there were, at the dawn of 1895, one hundred and seven foreign Protestant missionaries, having under their care over two thousand congregations, made up of ninety-six thousand church mem-

bers and three hundred and seventy-five thousand adherents. Protestant schools contained one hundred and twenty thousand children. The Queen, Ranavàlona III., was herself educated in the girls' school at Ambodin' Andòhalo, and at the opening of the new school-building recently, she made a short speech, in which she devoutly urged both teachers and pupils, above all things, to be true servants of the Lord Jesus Christ.

On various occasions, and in many ways, the Queen has given every evidence of being a true and noble Christian. Her stand for the Bible, the Sabbath, and for temperance is truly commendable, and might well be imitated by all the rulers of Christendom.

Humanly speaking, it is much to be regretted that the French are now to have control of the island, and thus to have the opportunity to restrict, if they cannot prohibit, the work of the Protestant Christians. While the internal government remains nominally in the hands of the Hovas, still both home and foreign affairs are to be under the control of France. There is little doubt that all missionaries and native teachers will be compelled to carry on their instruction only in

the French language. Besides this, it may be borne in mind that French influence in Tahiti and elsewhere has been decidedly detrimental to morality as well as to Protestant Christianity.

But, in spite of the cloud which has arisen to cast a shadow over this island-continent of the Indian Ocean, we may confidently expect that the people whose fathers so bravely suffered persecution under the cruel Ranavalona I., will not be turned from their faith or from their zeal in extending the knowledge of Christ to their contemporaries and descendants. Should difficulties increase, and persecution arise, these may but add another chapter to "The Wonderful Story of Madagascar." D. L. P.

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